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How and Why I Wrote "The Man with the Hoe"

By Edwin Markham

I DID IT! Now I must tell when and where and why. I must give up my ultimate secret. When they would compel confession they say that I must take my turn as an understudy in psychological investigation. I am told by the learned pundits that even the genesis of a poem has a certain value for those who are peering and searching into the soul.

This is an age of psychological inquiry. The psychologists have laboratories as deep and dark and still as the starless catacombs, where they watch with bated breath the action and reaction of stimuli upon the nerve centres of ants and beetles. In the study of a babe, the investigator begins the chronicle of the life history of the little thing by carefully recording the sense perceptions of its first hour and tabulating statistics of its feeble reachings and thrustings and mewings.

A trained scientist can reconstruct a bird from the bird's dropped feather, and disclose its nature and habitat, its flight and song. Another can take the blown leaf of a tree and from this clue describe the tree that bore it and the trees that were its forest neighbors; the soil that nourished it; the rains that visited it. And so, from fragments and intimations scattered from man's work, men are trying to read backward and discover the outline and meaning of the mystery that is man. Nothing is too insignificant to serve as a basis for tracing out psychic laws so alluringly near, so elusively far. Hence it is conceived that it may be of interest from a psychological standpoint to know the life history of a bit of verse that seems to have put into articulate form some of the questions troubling our consciousness at the end of the century.

I am asked to record the simple tale of the conception and construction of one of my best-known poems because the autobiographer, in telling of the throes that went to the shaping of this poem, may give some unconscious revelation of the spirit that stands behind all creative work—the spirit that speaks in the flower of the crannied wall, in the white constellations burning on the night, in the moulding of the potter's urn, as well as in the humblest poet's honest work.

Nothing in this world is impromptu nor extemporaneous in the absolute sense. Some deep-life preparation, subtle as the subterranean forces and the planetary influences that urge the wandering seas; some compulsion, some clutch of circumstance, perhaps unknown to the writer himself, determines his attitude toward a problem, his mode of attack, his trick of expression.

In a large way, we say that heredity and environment are the dominating forces that stand for a man's fate. In some ultimate analysis the weighing of these fine influences would give the reason for the differences among men, and their expression in every art and craft.

So my heredity was, of course, an underground force that helped to urge me to write those troublous forty-nine lines which I call The Man with the Hoe. I knew none of my kinsmen (save my parents), and was reared entirely out of the family traditions, from pioneer stock that had pushed West and farther West from Connecticut to Illinois, from Illinois to the Pacific shore.

I am told, however, that the names of my forefathers are written in the books of pedigree as people always interested in matters of Church and State, as people who suffered, often, for conscience' sake. Many of them fill graves on our country's battlefields all down the years since Bunker Hill. They seem to have been men and women born to the clash of opinion and the conflict of studies. I suppose that, in ways which I do not understand, their lives have impelled my thought and action. And it may be that the shadowy hands of them reached down out of hushed antiquity and helped to guide the pen that wrote the poem of the Hoe.

With regard to environment I can judge myself more adequately, and can see that my lines grew out of the thought and experiences of my whole life. I am myself, in a limited sense, one of the "Hoemanry." During all my early manhood I was myself a working man, under hard and incorrigible conditions. The smack of the soil and the whir of the forge are in my blood.

One of my earliest recollections is of the Californian mountains on which I followed the sheep, or rode after the cattle down the long ranges and cañons. This was when I was only ten years old. Time for me then had no meaning but color. The seasons came and went—now a stretch of green, now a stretch of yellow. These were high-hearted years—years full of the mystery and wonder of things. All sorts of rich, keen knowledge was coming to me—woodcraft and weather-wit, the friendship of animals, a love for the hoe and the fresh-turned furrow.

As the years went on I came to know every coign and cranny of the farmer's life; the pruning and the grafting of the orchard trees; the breaking of the ground with the plow; the sowing and harrowing of the field; the mending of the broken fences; the digging of ditches when the freshets came; the

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THE MAN WITH THE HOE

watching of skies for the omens of the weather; the heading, threshing and sacking of the wheat; the early start with the load to the market, twelve miles away; the frequent stops on the long road to let the horses blow a bit; the home-coming at nightfall with the little parcels from the country store.

I know the whistle of the sunburned boy going to hunt the cows, the lyrical shout of the meadow lark in the field of grain, and the ripple of the poppies in the wheat.

All these things are as familiar to me as my right hand. They may be called the poetry of farm life, but I also know the prose. I know the hard, endless work in the hot sun, the leak in the roof that cannot be stopped because there is no money in the purse, the merciless clutch of hunger when the last crust was gone from the cupboard. I know what it means to fight against the despair of the heart when the mortgage is overdue and the prices of products have fallen. I know the loneliness of the stretching plain, with the whirl of the dust underfoot, and the whirl of the hawks overhead; the dull sense of hopelessness that beats upon the heart in that monotonous drudgery that leads nowhere, that has no light ahead.

THE AUTHOR OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Yes, I had youthful grief to bear of which I cannot speak, and many deprivations; still I cannot but count it gain for a boy to pass his early years on a well-conditioned farm. It is a good fortune for him to draw into his mind the calm sanity of the rocks, and to distil into his heart the color and odor of orchard bloom. As he walks over the great fields, the strength of the ground rises into his body and the glory of the sun descends into his soul.

I have mentioned a few of the external forces that colored my thought. I may say, also, that for years my reading had drifted toward the philosophy evident in the poem. From boyhood till this hour I have wondered over the hoary problem that has been passed on to us from Job—why should some be ground and broken? Why should so many go down under the wheel of the world to hopeless ruin as far as human eyes can see? Is it necessary that many should perish that we who are the few may have life and light, may have food and shelter? And, withal, I had read in Isaiah of the industrial wrongs of old—in Isaiah, that voice of Vesuvius, shaking all around the horizon. Then, too, I knew how the world's injustice had forced from Christ's strong heart that cry against the mouths that devour widows' houses; and that other cry against the feet that walk over graves.

So I wrote the poem to express this passion of my life. I wrote it, I suppose, for the same reason that the bird sings on the bough or the child laughs in the street.

I did not write it as a protest against labor, but as my soul's deep word against the degradation of labor, the oppression of man by man. Of course I believe in labor; and I have little respect for an idler, be he rich or poor. It is against both the personal and the public good for any man to be at the same time a consumer and a non-producer.

I believe in labor; I believe in its humanizing and regenerating power. Indeed, I believe that a man's craft furnishes the chief basis of his redemption. While a man is making a house, he is helping to make himself. While he chisels the block of marble, he is invisibly shaping his own soul. And it does not matter much what a man does—whether he builds a poem or hoes a field of corn. The thing of chief importance is the spirit in which he does his work. It must be done thoroughly and in the spirit of loving service. Work of this order is a perpetual prayer. Work of this sort is sacred, however lowly—sacred though it be the sweeping of a gutter or the carrying of a hod.

The spirit of use, of loving service, sends a gleam of the ideal into every labor. And man needs the ideal more even than he needs bread. The ideal is the bread of the soul.

But while all true work is beautiful and holy, it is also a fact that excesses are evils—a fact that overwork and underpaid work tend to break down instead of building up. Work is good for a child, but I can put such heavy burdens upon him as to deform his body and stunt his mind. Dickens gave us this Hoe-boy type in Smike, the pathetic youth in Nicholas Nickleby.

Let me say here that my lines were written after seeing Millet's Man with the Hoe; and I state this fact in the heading of all the authorized copies of my poem before the public. This picture is *not* The Angelus, as some hasty but earnest critics have affirmed. The two pictures express entirely different moods of feeling.

Millet's Man with the Hoe is to me the most solemnly impressive of all modern paintings. As I look upon the august ruin that it pictures, I sometimes dare to think that its strength surpasses the power of Michael Angelo.

I first came upon the picture some fourteen years ago, while I was a Superintendent of Schools in the Californian Sierras. It was a rude print taken from an illustrated journal. It at once struck my heart and my imagination. Here was the eternal martyrdom of man.

A woman (then one of my teachers) tells me that she was in my office the day I came in with the thing, and that I spoke feelingly of the vast nothingness of the Hoe-man's horizon, and of the responsibility of the strong for this terrible unmaking of man.

My friend, Mr. Melville Upton (now a journalist in New York), was then a comrade in California. To him also I uttered my lament over this broken hulk of humanity. To him I told my daring hope of some day putting the Hoe-man into song. He approved my purpose; and it was then that I made in my notebook the first rude field-notes of the poem. The years went by; and now and then I would add a word or phrase as by chance I turned the leaves of the scratch-book. The picture was always on my wall, and its sombre *motif* always in the margin of my consciousness.

Some ten years ago I had the good fortune to see the great original of the Hoe-picture at a loan exhibition in San Francisco. This great painting, by the way, had been bought for sixty thousand dollars by the wealthy Crockers of railroad fame; and it is still in the possession of Mr. William Crocker, and is reckoned one of the precious art treasures of the Pacific Coast.

At the exhibition I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I tarried an hour before the thing, the power and terror of it growing upon my heart, the endless pity of it burning all the time into my soul. It came to me with a dim echo in it of my own life; it came with pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur—came beating at my heart, its silence shouting an impeachment and a prophecy.

I came to see that Millet puts before us no chance peasant, no mere man of the fields. No: he bodies forth for us betrayed Humanity—the Toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He shows us the man pushed away from the land by the monopoly of those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf with no mind in his muscles and no heart in his handiwork.

The picture is more terrible to me than anything in Dante. It is just as hopeless, and its scene is more real, more human. I saw in it the slow, sure, awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless and joyless labor. This man's battle with the world has been too hard, too brutal. His battle has not been confined to his own life: it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. This man is not going upward, in step with the divine music of the world. The motion of his life is arrested, if it is not in reality reversed. He is degraded below the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of eloquence.

He is the type of industrial oppression, bent with a master's burden since Babylon was, since the Pyramids were upheaved, since the Coliseum whirled into time. He is the effigy of man; a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift; a being with no time for the winged thought that lifts us to the apprehension of angels—no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

At last I stood in the very presence of this dread shape—the Accuser of the world. I knew then that I must some day utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God.

Still the years went by, and until my Christmas vacation in 1898 there came into my life no conjunction of leisure and strength for this task of love. But then I went to the work with earnest joy. I would have done with this harrying ghost, so long demanding speech with me.

Strange to say, my first draft was in rhyme; and, though no critic has spoken of it, two pairs of the old rhymes are still in the poem. It seemed impossible to cast them out; it was as though they had been bidden to their places by the mandate of the Muse.

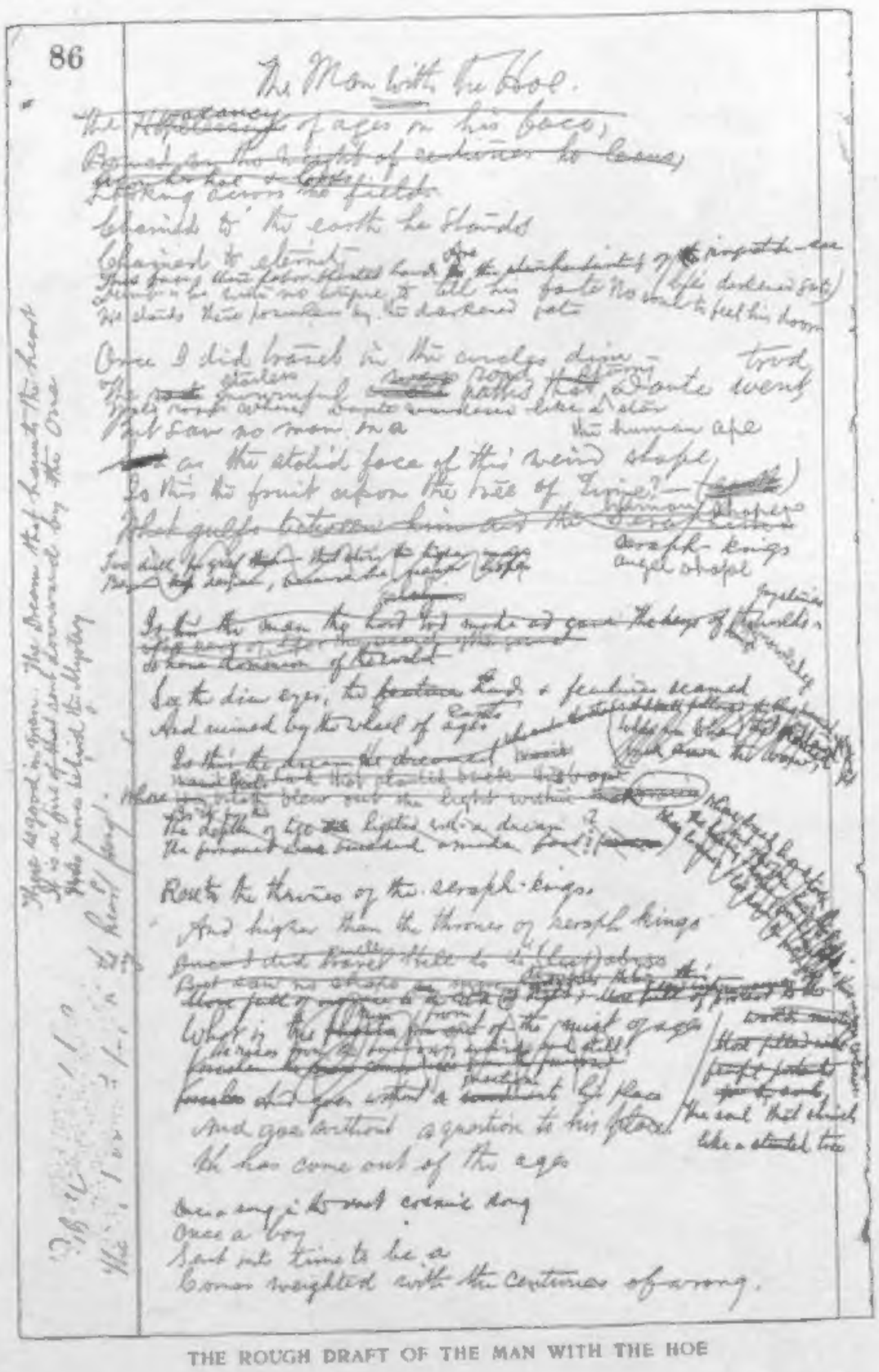
One early morning I set to work—the early morning when all the fresh young forces of the world seem moving in the soul. Soon the first two stanzas of the poem were written out from the field-notes made fourteen years before. As I wrote, I trembled.

All day long the poem possessed me. I could not escape it. The next morning I awoke, the thought of the third stanza breaking suddenly upon my mind. I arose at once and wrote the lines very much as they stand in the poem.

That was the gift given me for that day. But the next morning I found a new stanza shaped and ready in the rifts of the mind. Now it was no longer pity and terror over the humanity that had fallen down. It was rather an arraignment of the men who are the world's fate, the masters, lords and rulers who had failed to be fair to this their brother of the furrow.

The next daybreak brought the Muse's final word. Now my soul swept on into the future. I saw how this brute-man might play a part in the drama of coming days. I saw how this mountain of ignorance might be a menace to the masters, lords and rulers—to all manner of appointed watchers, that had brought him into being.

And so the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the Humbled, the Burdened, the Silenced. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand.



THE ROUGH DRAFT OF THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Author's Note—The typewritten manuscript of the finished poem came home to me on New Year's Day, 1899. That evening I went to a gathering of literary friends at Mr. Carroll Carrington's, in San Francisco. I was urged to read my ink-wet Man with the Hoe, although I protested that it was too funereal for a New Year's greeting. Mr. Bailey Millard, literary editor of the San Francisco Examiner, was present, and when I had done reading he asked to see the thing, and took it all in again with his eyes. The next Sunday I was at his home in the mountains above Sausalito. Then he asked if he might have the poem for the Sunday edition of his paper, saying that the managing editor had commissioned him to get it. At that time I had never published an original poem in a newspaper. But I accepted the offer, as I was pleased to be able to reach a popular audience with this Poem of the People. So the poem was printed January 15 of this year. It was accompanied with a good reproduction of the Millet picture and an appreciative editorial wherein Mr. Millard said kind, bold words concerning the lines.

A TALK WITH EDWIN MARKHAM

IF IN the sunshine of a morning you should meet Edwin Markham walking up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington you would be in doubt as to whether he was on his way to an office in the Smithsonian Institution or to one of the committee-rooms of the United States Senate. If you should meet him in the midst of a large estate you would at once mark him as the owner of the trees and the acres. He is easily a man of distinction.

Less than fifty years have touched him, but they have been years of experience, years of labor, years of thought, years of performance, and the wealth of gray hairs shows that they have left their impress; but do not for an instant imagine that he is an old man, for you cannot be with him five minutes without discovering that he is as young as human nature can possibly be.

There is no weight of woe upon his soul, for he is cheerfulness itself, with as merry a laugh as any schoolboy, with as hearty appreciation of humor as one can find even in a native of the Pacific Slope, where the only insomnia is from a desire to hear a good story.

Mr. Markham is not fond of talking of himself, and it may be well to mention the facts of his life which the biographies give. He was born in Oregon City, Oregon, on April 23, 1852. His father died when he was very young and his mother brought him up. She was a woman of extraordinary abilities. She kept a large store of general merchandise in Oregon City, and in addition to that contributed frequent verses to the local papers. It was from her that Mr. Markham inherited his remarkable genius. When he was still a small boy she gave up the store and removed to the central part of California, where she purchased a sheep range, of which, at nine years of age, he was the chief herder. Afterward it was turned into a cattle range and farm, and although he was just in his teens he was the farmer. He worked long hours, built fences, ploughed the land, knew the hoe, the scythe and the reaper—all the details and machinery of farm life. Then, when he grew older, he became a thresher and went from farm to farm to thresh out the grain. More than once he slept all night in the haymows. This life, in that glorious California climate, gave to him the vitality which makes him so strong and healthful to-day. During this time he was reading. As early as fifteen he had written a long poem, A Dream of Chaos, his first offering to the Muse.

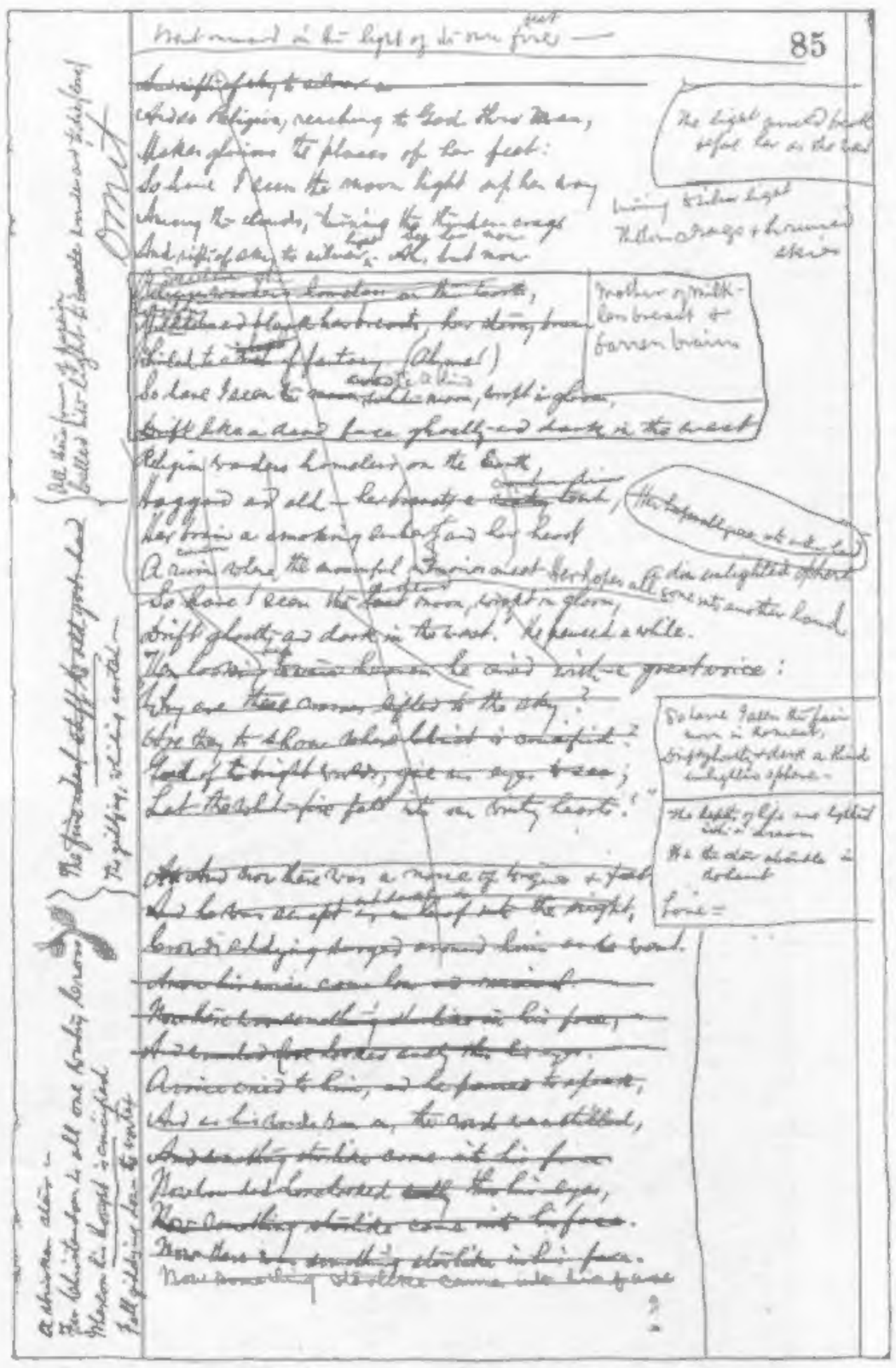
Then came his education through the schools and colleges, and later his career as a teacher. In education he gained an enviable position. He was Superintendent and Principal of schools in various places, and his last position, which continued for a number of years, was at the head of a large school at Oakland, which was in a way connected with the University of California. For a number of years he contributed poems to the leading magazines, but it was The Man with the Hoe which touched that vital sentiment of the world, which brought him his real fame.

Since then the returns from his work have been so great that the rewards of school teaching seem insignificant; for not even the President of the largest college in the world receives a salary as great as the income from Mr. Markham's poetry since his larger fame began. This reward of his work, however, is not the result of effort to accumulate; it has come as a surprise. It is not always best to judge anything, of course, by the material circumstances, but the impression that Mr. Markham has made may be estimated by the fact that his book is one of the best selling volumes of poems in the history of literature. Few other poets have achieved such financial success in so short a time. These are matters which Mr. Markham himself would be the last to mention, because they are last in his thoughts, and they are simply given here as information for the reader and testimony to the poet's popularity. But his success is great.

One episode Mr. Markham enjoys telling happened in Philadelphia. After he reached the city the reporters went to him for interviews. Most of them got what they wanted and departed satisfied; but there was one who was more importunate than the rest, and he had come primed for the encounter. He had a number of clippings, and, pulling one of them out, he said:

"I have an article here, sir, which declares that you are the coming poet of the new nation; that you are the greatest of America's singers." Then, lowering his clipping and gazing at his victim, he asked with dramatic solemnity: "Now, sir, what have you to say to that?"

Mr. Markham tells the story with the finest kind of effect. There are always hearty peals of laughter, in which his clear, healthy voice invariably joins.



THE ROUGH DRAFT OF ANOTHER MARKHAM POEM

PHOTO BY W. S. HASKELL, SIMOND, CAL.

THE HOUSE WHERE THE MAN WITH THE HOE WAS WRITTEN

After this our conversation grew a little more serious, and in reply to questions Mr. Markham said:

"I never claimed to be a poet. I do not know whether I am one or not. That is for other people to decide. I never in my life tried to do what you call 'writing a poem.' For me to sit down deliberately to such a work would not only be absurd, but useless. The verses I have written have simply written themselves—have come to me, not by my trying to think them out. They come as unbidden visitors; they sing themselves into form. A phrase from the inane takes hold of my mind and I croon it over, and presently another line comes wheeling into place, and gradually, like a growing world, the poem takes form and shape. It is more a matter of music—of reverent waiting—than of thought or of seeking. The experience is most delightful, for when these lines and phrases come I always feel a thrill pass like a wind through my being. I am shaken by a rapture—by a divine alarm. Sometimes the title or the theme of a poem will come to me, but it may be months or years afterward before the thing is said. It was this way with The Man with the Hoe. It took fourteen years for it to find its final form."

Then the serious expression of the poet broke into a genial smile as he pulled a letter from his pocket. It was from his Oakland home, and it reported that as all the barrels had been filled with letters they had begun on the tubs, and already the biggest of these was heaping with epistles from all parts of the world.

"Mr. Markham, your political and religious views are claimed by various sects and parties."

"Well," he said, "have you ever heard the Southern story of the calf? It is an old one, but it may bear retelling. It was on the platform of a railway station, and one colored man said to another one:

"'Whar dat air calf gwine?'

"'Dunno whar he gwine. He dunno hisself. He done chawed his tag.'

"I will not say that I have 'chawed' any tag," said Mr. Markham, "but I most respectfully decline to be labeled. My relations with the clergymen of Oakland have always been of the closest friendship. I have no better friends in the world than they. They belong to the different denominations. In my frequent conversations with some of them I find that they have sentiments and convictions in common with my own. I have nothing to say against the churches; some of them are much alive to the new problems—the problems of the New Conscience. And I hope that all churches will come to see what may be called the Opportunity of the Church in the great social and industrial ferment that is everywhere manifesting. The true church is progressive, always ready for a new departure. You will find that I am no pessimist. Life at the bottom is good. All evils have come out of the misuse of life. So all evils can be destroyed by the right use of it. And now is the day and the hour for every man to set to work to bring in the higher harmonies of existence."

In answer to another question, Mr. Markham said: "People do not like to be preached to, especially in poetry. It is only when the poet can get his sermon to them in the shape of a song that they will receive it gladly. Every poem must be more song than sermon, otherwise the sermon in it will not go to the mark. So if I seem to be touching serious problems occasionally in my verse work it is with no intention of inflicting a sermon."

"Mr. Markham, every poet is supposed to have his favorites. What are your favorites in your book of poems? Of course, we except The Man with the Hoe."

The poet protested that this was not fair, but after many objections, many cheerful doubts and hesitations, he named them in the order in which they are given here: The Desire of Nations, A Look Into the Gulf, A Prayer, and last (among the sonnets) A Meeting, The Goblin Laugh, and The Wharf of Dreams. Then he added, "But I think the best piece of work perhaps that I have ever done is The Muse of Brotherhood, which THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published several weeks ago." —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

A RIVAL ALLY

By Charles King, Brigadier-General U.S.V.

THEY had met for the first time at the grounds of the Tennis Club beyond the Calle Marcelino—she a thoroughgoing English girl much given to open-air life with concomitant health and freckles; he an Ensign of His Majesty Uncle Sam's warship Biltmore, doing duty in Manila Bay, and the devoted to every reachable pretty girl in Manila balconies. Many were pretty, but few reachable. Belles of the Spanish persuasion had remained in haughty seclusion ever since the first of May, when their flag had gone down in smoke and flame off Cavite. American girls were only just beginning to arrive and turn the heads of all manner of men, and even those of the disdainful daughters of Castile and Aragon, who gazed in wistful longing at the dainty toilettes appearing every evening on the Luneta. English, French and Filipino girls there were, most of whom were born upon the island and knew no other clime than that of Luzon. Middies from the broad decks of H. M. S. Wonderful, and young swells from the wardroom and steerage messes of the French Jean Baptiste and the German Hohenfriedwurst were much in evidence, in their natty white summer dress, every tennis afternoon, but Yankees had been few and far between—something was always going on to keep them going off—expeditions to Negros, Iloilo or Cebu—mysterious missions along the vague, lightless coast; landing parties here and yon in search of contrabands of war alleged to be ever slipping in from Hongkong or Shanghai, Yokohama or Nagasaki. Among men their absence was not much regretted, for, having but recently blown Montojo's fleet to flinders, the Yankees were necessarily interesting, and being by far the best dancers on the station, were correspondingly first favorites with the women folk. The English Club had opened its doors to them, but held it bad form for girls to open their arms even to the extent of an innocent valse, a thing the average Briton could only execute in one way, or a catchy two-step, which he couldn't do at all. It so happened, therefore, that Ensign Percy Breese was looked to be in big luck when sent ashore for a month of some duty in or about the busy office of the Captain of the Port. Life aboard ship, even in December, was something of a broil, despite electric fans and cooling shower-baths. The sun beat untempered on the armored sides, even though awnings shielded the crowded decks, and ships' interiors were ovenlike in temperature, and men grew curt in speech, intolerant of differing views and irascible at opposition. It was the opinion of his fellows of the flagship that "Breezy" had been chosen for this particular duty because of an equanimity of temperament that had stood proof against a 'tween-decks temperature, whereas his messmates on the cruiser swore it was all along of "Breezy's" cheek—he was no better natured than the rest of them, only he looked it.

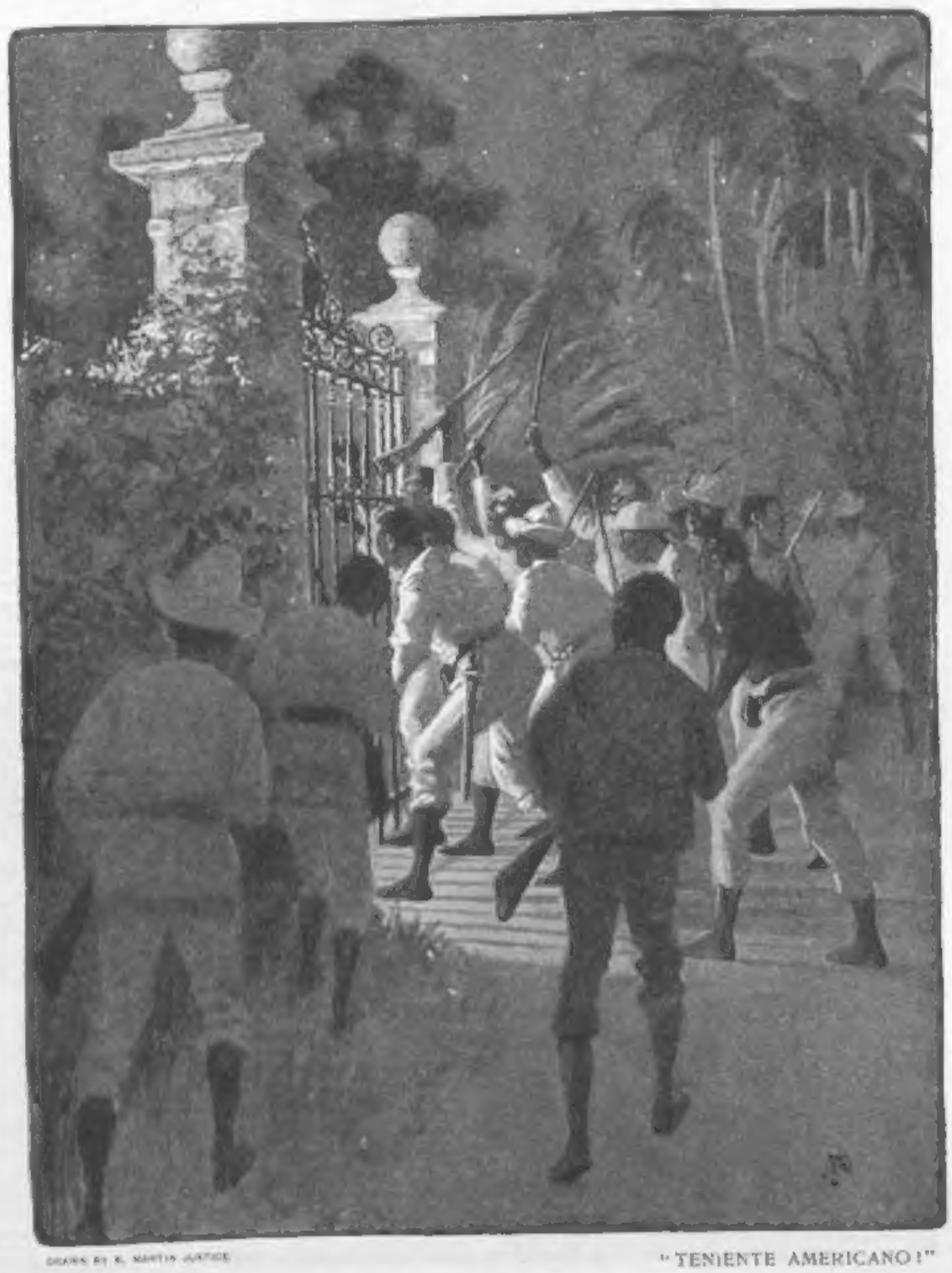
At all events, here he was "gettin' shore duty on sea pay," said an envious brother-in-arms who loved the epigrammatic even at the expense of veracity, and Bob Bruce, of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, had taken a liking to the blithe young fellow, and later took the young Ensign himself to the tennis court and presented him to the maids and matrons there assembled, among others to Miss Ethel Winston, in whom was centred Mr. Bruce's universe. This proceeding, said Bruce's crony, one of the invaluable, if unvalued, class of friends ever ready to tell us the truth about ourselves, was as asinine a thing as even Bruce could have done. This was strong language, but not entirely unjustifiable.

Bruce was summoned over to Hongkong soon after Christmas and left the Ensign taking tennis lessons of Miss Ethel. He was gone only as long as the Esmeralda's round trip, ten days or so, but when he returned Breese had become tutor and Ethel Winston pupil. The game was no longer tennis—it had turned to hearts.

In justice to Breese it must be said at once that he had no knowledge of Bruce's hopes or intentions, but could as much be said of Miss Winston? Probably not. Few girls are so blind as not to see when a man is really in love. Some are gifted with such keenness of vision as to see it before the man himself, while an irrational few can discover evidences of a tender passion where its absence is not even a matter of doubt. Miss Winston well knew that big Bob Bruce was ready to place his broad hand, honest heart and solid bank account at her service. She well knew that a little encouragement would precipitate prompt avowal, but up to the time when Breese was blown across her path she couldn't see her way to holding out a hope, and after that she wouldn't.

Perhaps it was as much because the women took sides with Bruce against Breese that her sympathies were enlisted for the latter. Even girls who were secretly glad she didn't want Bruce, and thereby left him in the market, declared her conduct heartless. There were barely half a dozen in English-speaking Manila society at the time, to be sure, and there were many more men than women. Therefore, said the matrons, it was bad judgment on the part of Bruce to bring in a rank outsider who had good looks and good manners, but neither money nor prospects outside of his uniform—the very kind of man a girl should not succumb to, and the very kind she so often does. Beyond doubt, had Miss Winston's parents been alive to her predilection they would have brought her to her senses and back to Hongkong, but Miss Winston's father had died long years before, leading his Tommies in a daring dash on the mountain tribesmen of the border, and his disconsolate but charming widow had eventually remarried.

Miss Winston was mistress of her own means, which were sufficient, if not superabundant. Her stepfather was not altogether to her liking. He had wealth, a hearty appetite, and entire willingness that the lovely daughter of his lovely wife should speedily find a mate of her own, and to this end, knowing Bruce and Bruce's prospects, had rather strenuously urged upon his better half the advantage to accrue in accepting the invitation of Mrs. Bryce-Foster that Ethel should spend a few weeks with her in Manila. The war between Spain and the Americans was over. Business was brisk. The city was crowded with Americans, to be sure, and some few of them weren't half bad. Mrs. Bryce-Foster had spent a fortnight at the Hong. Her husband was one of the heaviest customers of the great banking corporation. Ethel went, glad of a change, and with no idea how marvelous that change would be. She had known Bob Bruce two years and couldn't love him: she had known Percy Breese only two weeks—and couldn't help it. It was the quickest thing that season, said the men who saw it, and a feeling grew up against Breese, especially after Bruce came back and found himself supplanted.



DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

"TENIENTE AMERICANO!"

Big Bob took it very much to heart. You couldn't blame him. He had long loved this winsome English girl. He could give her as charming a home and as complete an establishment as could be found in all the fair suburbs of Manila, and Percy Breese hadn't a stiver outside his pay, and didn't hesitate to say so. But Bob was manful about it and made no moan. It was Mrs. Bryce-Foster who made Ethel's life a burden. She raged in her heart at the failure of a cherished plan. She had set that heart on a match between the girl and that big, burly, whole-souled fellow who seemed so thoroughly at home in boating or cricket costume; so utterly at sea in a parlor. "Bob has too big a heart for the business" was the only thing his superiors could say to his detriment, and there was no doubt the big heart was sorely wounded now. The women said Ethel Winston had encouraged him in every way, which wasn't true, and Mrs. Bryce-Foster knew it wasn't true, yet dinned it into Ethel's ears day after day, to the end that the girl begged hard to be sent back to Hongkong, and nearly cried her eyes out when told that she must stay until sent for, like some obsolete bit of household furniture for which no place was held at home.

What made matters immeasurably worse was that Mrs. Bryce-Foster turned her vocal guns on the dashing Ensign. I think the only reason she did not forbid him the house was that then she would have lost the joy of berating him. And Percy Breese, who, said she, should in all conscience have resented her words and proudly withdrawn and refused to set foot within her doors again, did nothing of the kind. Like a little man he stood by his sweetheart. "I'd take the double of it all," he simply said, "if I thought she would spare you." And then he bent and tenderly kissed the red and swollen eyelids and a very pretty, pathetic little rosy mouth, and comforted her infinitely, though she really couldn't say why. The outlook was just as blank as ever, yet with Percy by her side, and so fond and so good to look at, and so sympathetic and caressing, she couldn't feel utterly miserable, as she knew she ought to feel for all the troubles she had caused.

But this state of things couldn't last, and Breese knew it. He had written to the commercial magnate at Hongkong, apprising him of his love for Miss Winston and of their plea for his and her mother's consent and blessing. He had met Bruce twice and met him fairly and squarely—rather a difficult thing to do when a rival has not formally declared himself, if indeed it be not trying at any time. The two had even shaken hands, for Bruce loved fair play, and how was Breese to know, he asked himself, that he cared so much for Ethel Winston. All the same, Bob couldn't be congratulatory upon Breese's apparent success, and he was not.

"I had no idea—of—interfering with—anybody, you know, Bruce," said Percy. "It all came about so sudden." Whereat Bruce dropped his monocle and looked vacant and dazed a moment; then submitted the sudden and irrelevant query: "D'you ever peg?" which being interpreted meant would Breese have some Scotch and soda, a thing Breese hated, yet took with alacrity—some form of atonement and sacrifice seeming appropriate to the occasion.

"Look me up, you know, whenever I can be of any service," said Bob, and the two shook hands and parted, each in his own way thanking God the thing was over. Breese drew a long breath the moment he reached the open street, jumped into the waiting *caromatta* and bade the driver speed to the Luneta, where she would be sure to appear by the side of her hostess in the invariable evening drive along the bay, the one open-air recreation known to cosmopolite Manila.

"I hope to Heaven I'll never have to look him up, good fellow though he is," muttered the Ensign to himself, mopping his wet forehead as the sturdy little pony darted away

with the high-wheeled, covered cart. The situation and the Scotch combined had started the perspiration from every pore "The idea of having to look up a fellow when you've——" But Mr. Breese couldn't find words in which to finish the sentence. No! He distinctly wished he might never have to see Bob Bruce again, which was most ungrateful when you remember that it was Bob who introduced him to his sweetheart, now anxiously peering at every passing cab and carriage in hopes of seeing and signaling to Percy Breese. She had need to speak with him.

They met at last. The band of the Twenty-third Infantry was playing delightfully at the kiosk. The parallel roads on either side were blocked with carriages of all kinds known to Manila. The walks were crowded with officers and soldiers in cool uniforms. The sun had sunk to rest beyond Cavite. The electric lights were beginning to sputter and flash all along the famous drive, and to sparkle from the decks of a score of transports and warships anchored on the broad bosom of the bay. Along the curb and about each carriage-load of women, English or American, were little groups of officers and civilians of their race, and their merry chat and laughter made marked contrast with the silence that hovered everywhere over the Spanish or native occupants of similar vehicles.

Disquieting rumors were afloat. The Filipino leaders, despairing of winning control of Manila and the island in any other way, had planned a general uprising of the populace within the old walled city and throughout the surrounding districts and suburbs, some of them teeming with insurgent families. A general massacre of Americans had been decreed and planned. It was even hinted that no man of foreign birth would be spared, and English residents, long habituated to fitful changes in the political sky, found reason to look grave and concerned when chatting in low tones among themselves. It was known that the insurgent army now encircling Manila had within a day or two turned back all American officers who had essayed to ride or drive beyond the limits of the city, that earthworks and entrenchments were being thrown up everywhere, and artillery trained on the blockhouses occupied by American soldiery. The clash was sure to come. The question was how and when.

As the brief twilight of the tropics faded swiftly into night, the eyes of all men seemed to turn seaward, for, early though it was, the flagship off the mole and the fleet across the bay at Cavite were exchanging rapid signals. The brilliant red and green and white lights flashed in quick succession. The band, having carried out its program, struck up the Star-Spangled Banner, wherent every soldier in the garb of Uncle Sam whipped off his headgear and sprang to attention, while sympathetic Britons lifted their hats. Only Spaniards and Filipinos remained sitting and smoking in sullen disregard. The strain ceased; the band came scuttling down out of its kiosk and sprinted back to quarters. The crowd began to scatter, the throng of carriages whirled away, and in the midst of it all Mr. Breese had sprung from his two-wheeler and was eagerly and in a low tone talking with Miss Ethel, while a comrade engrossed the attention of Mrs. Bryce-Foster. Whatever his quest or proposition, it failed, for the girl sadly shook her head and Breese intently listened as she bent and hurriedly whispered:

"What *are* we to do, Percy? She has accepted the MacLeans' invitation. We move out to Santa Ana to-morrow."

The lad's face fell. Whether it meant that Mrs. Bryce-Foster stood in dread of the predicted outbreak and wished to seek a place of safety, or whether it was only a scheme to break off their intercourse, the proposed move promised to be effectual. Santa Ana lay on the left bank of the Pasig, less than a mile beyond the dividing-line between the territory occupied by the American garrison of Manila and that of the encircling insurgents. It was the headquarters of Ricarti's brigade of the insurgent army. Their Krupp guns, captured from the Spaniards, were trained on the flimsy wooden blockhouses occupied by the Americans, and their outposts were distributed in force all along the winding estuary of the Concordia and the Tripa de Gallina.

Across the Concordia bridge on the Santa Ana road, across that narrow stream or farther up the Pasig than the mouth of the *estero*, no Americans now could venture. Leveled bayonets and stern commands to return rewarded every attempt, even while the insurgents demanded—and, odd as it may seem, were accorded—the right to wander at will within the lines of the Stars and Stripes. Breese saw in a glance that the move to Santa Ana was a menace to their future meetings, and yet he did not despair. Had not Pio del Pilar assured the English residents of Santa Ana that Ricarti's men were ordered to show them every courtesy and at no time to impede their coming or their going? Would not civilian garb and a monocle transform our Ensign into a very presentable, or at least passable, young Briton? He tried it, unbeknown to the Captain of the Port, one bright January afternoon, driving out in MacLean's victoria, whirling unopposed past the American sentries at the west end of the Concordia bridge and the Filipino guards at the other. He tried it a second time, and again with success and subsequent bliss, for Mrs. Bryce-Foster could not openly assail him in presence of her hostess, and did not, at least, prevent his having a sweet, whispered tête-à-tête with his lady-love in the garden while the Yankee bugles at Paco were sounding tattoo and their signal for "Lights out."

Then he tried it a third time and on the third of February, and there were evidences of excitement and stir everywhere at the front. Whole battalions of blue-shirted infantry stood

—HE BROKE FROM THEM TO CLASP ETHEL IN HIS ARMS

silently leaning on their arms along the Calle Real and the guards at Blockhouse No. 11 were doubled. So, too, he found strong detachments of swarthy Filipinos along the highway across the stream, and the plaza in Santa Ana was crowded, but their officers still touched their broad-brimmed straw hats respectfully to his host, even though some of their number eyed his young companion suspiciously. "They're catching on to you, Breese, as you Yankees say," said MacLean. "I fancy you better not try it again."

But he did try it again, for the next was Saturday evening and the Captain of the Port went out to dine on the Olympia, and Breese got away soon after five and caught his host at the English Club away down in Ermita. MacLean looked grave.

"I really think you'd better not risk it, Breese," he said. "Little Sandoval, Ricarti's aide-de-camp, told me this morning they knew you were an American, but wouldn't interfere so long as there were no hostilities, but any moment now they may break out. I—I wish you wouldn't."

"I won't, if you say so—after to-night," was the answer; "but I must see her for a few minutes, just because the thing is so sure to come to a head. Then, of course, I'll have to be at my station. It would mean court-martial if I wasn't, for, of course, the Captain doesn't know of my running it out to Santa Ana in plain clothes."

"It will mean something worse than court martial if they catch you on the Santa Ana side. There's going to be no end of a fight at that bridge, and your fellows won't get it for nothing, let me tell you. I know these little brown men, and know how game they are. Indeed, Breese, I wish you wouldn't come—to-night."

But the Ensign was too deeply in love to be reasonable. He went, was again passed by the guards and patrols along the Filipino side in deference to his friend and conductor. They dined in some anxiety, for strong battalions of insurgents had marched in from the neighborhood of Santa Mesa to the north, and had been busily ferrying across the Pasig long hours that afternoon. The plaza, the native houses, the great churchyard and the side streets were thronged with native soldiery. Ethel was pale and troubled.

At nine o'clock Breese led her out to the terrace overlooking the placid river, and in the hush of the lovely evening sought to comfort and reassure her. They were seated in a little arbor, her fair head resting on his shoulder, her slender hand clasped in his, when, noiseless as a shadow, a native canoe came swiftly, suddenly gliding under the bank and was skillfully paddled to the stone steps at the water's edge. Two men crouched amidships, who, at a whispered word from the boatman, cautiously stepped ashore, and, bending low, came up the stone stairway and peered about the garden. Breese felt that Ethel's heart was fluttering like that of a captive bird, but she sat upright, gazing at the shadowy pair. Both wore the uniforms of officers of the insurgent army. The scabbards of their swords gleamed in the starlight. They were muttering excitedly in the harsh language of the Tagals, and in one of the two Miss Winston presently recognized the young staff officer of Ricarti. What could be the object of their cautious and secret visit unless it involved in some way the life or safety of her lover? From the upper story of the mansion the sound of soft laughter and the rippling note of a piano came floating upon the still night air, and tiptoeing, the two intruders crouched slowly up the pathway and were lost to view in the shrubbery near the heavy stone walls.

"Percy," she whispered, clinging to him in dread, "can't you bribe that boatman? It is your only chance. He can land you at Pandacan beyond the lines. They can't see that shadowy thing in the dark. I *know* those men mean harm to you. Oh, you must get back—you must get back, and the river's the only way!"

But he had sprung to his feet, and with intense eagerness in his handsome young face was listening to some far, faint, crackling sound that, suddenly breaking on the night, was just audible above the plash of the swift waters.

"Hark!" he whispered as she crept to his side and would again have spoken. Breathless they crouched and bent their ears to the sound—a low, rapid sputter, a quick, irregular throbbing that seemed with every moment to spread and grow louder and to come slowly creeping southward, and then the silent watcher in the canoe sprang noiselessly to shore, and stooped at the head of the steps and whistled low. Then as no answer came, trampling the rope underneath his feet, he clapped his hands thrice and loudly in evident and irrepressible excitement. Back from the shadows of the mansion came the two slender forms in Filipino uniform, springing down the pathway. One moment they paused to listen at the bench. Then in eager tone they gave some order to the boatman. The canoe was hauled close alongside. The three slid noiselessly aboard, and away shot the fragile craft into the blackness of the night, down stream, just as the Filipino bugles at the barracks below and on the broad plaza without pealed forth the stirring notes of the alarm. Somewhere over on the east front of Manila, toward Santa Mesa or the water-works, the fierce volleying had begun, and right and left, north and south, the fight was spreading along the circling lines.

Then down came MacLean, pale but composed. "You're caught, Breese, old chap. There's no getting out now. Ricarti's fellows are forming for the attack, and every inch of ground is covered. The best we can do is to hide you somewhere in case they insist on coming in the grounds."

"Hiding won't help, man!" was the impatient answer. "My post is four miles away down the stream beyond the bridges, and it's disgrace and dishonor if I can't get there. Haven't you a boat—a canoe of some kind?"

"Not so much as a tub, and you couldn't slip by those lynx-eyed fellows if I had."

Every instant the sound of volleying grew louder, and the sputter and crackle of musketry crept on down the banks of the San Juan. A servant in snowy linen came rushing out in search of his master, and in the Spanish tongue informed him that he had closed the great iron gates in front, as ordered, but that the Commandante and other officers were

there and desired to see Señor MacLean on most important business.

"Stay where you are, Breese. You're safe here if anywhere. I'll have to meet these fellows, you know. Our relations have been very cordial. Perhaps I can stand them off."

He was back in five minutes. "It was Peralta, Major of the Artillery," he said. "They came to warn us to get under cover. They open with their Krupps in a few minutes, and of course your fellows will answer."

"Answer? They'll blow the whole shooting-match into the Pasig! Dyer's battery is on the knoll south of Paco, and Harry Hawthorne is back of Blockhouse 11 with the Hotchkiss guns—all Regulars."

"Ricarti knows all about that, but he says his infantry can sweep the men from the guns. He can fire from three sides on Concordia Bridge, and from right and front on Battery Knoll. Listen!"

Far to the north the boom of a heavy gun punctuated the rattle of musketry. Across the Pasig at the east and north of Manila the lines were sharply engaged, but as yet Pilar's Division faced that of Anderson in silence. Something held the insurgent leader in leash.

It came at last—well along toward morning. All on a sudden the bugles rang in front of Santa Ana, and with exultant cheers Ricarti's big brigade blazed on the American salient at Blockhouse 11. Then came the roar and crash of the Krupps in the river redoubts, and then, a little later, the reply. Breese, an unwilling prisoner, wild with excitement, had clambered to the roof, from which point the flame of the battling lines could plainly be seen. The triumphant dash of the insurgent battalions had met with stern and sudden check. Only to the banks of the *estero* had they charged. Beyond that, like a wall of steel and flame, the blue line stretched across the ricefields and never budged an inch.

Frequent now were the calls and demands at the iron gates, for every few minutes some well-known officer was borne in from the front, sorely wounded and seeking the shelter of the massive church or MacLean's heavy stone walls. Then in squads or detachments little parties of Filipinos, crouching close along the walls, came drifting back from the front, silent and dispirited.

And then a battalion that had lined the earthworks across the open ricefields close to the highway, unable longer to bear up against the pitiless storm of Yankee lead, suddenly broke for the shelter of the walls to the rear, and came stampeding back into the plaza, sweeping their shrieking, sword-brandishing officers with them. They would have surged into the MacLean grounds had not the iron gates been sternly barred against them. And then there arose a cry at sound of which the women clung to each other in dismay and terror and MacLean went white with dread. In rage and exasperation over their baffled hopes and heavy losses, the fierce Tagals clamored for vengeance. Battering at the gate, they yelled for the "*Teniente Americano.*" Some one had told them Breese was still there in hiding, and all the devil in the Malay nature was aroused. Fiercer every moment rose the yells and imprecations. Then a young officer, hoisted on their shoulders, clambered to the top of the wall and began a furious harangue in the Tagal tongue. In the midst of it all MacLean rushed aloft and found Breese just descending, pale and resolute.

"Take me out to them," he calmly said. "They won't murder an unarmed man, but they'll burn and wreck your home otherwise. Hello! Why, here's Bruce!"

Bruce it was. He came bounding up the marble stairs three at a spring, and lost no time in ceremony. "Come instantly," he panted, laying a broad hand on the Ensign's shoulder. "Your uniform and sword are in my launch."

"Bob! How did you get here?" interjected MacLean.

"Ran it—full steam—all lights out. Quick, man, come! Those devils will rip you to pieces if they catch you. It's your only chance."

Down the stairs, between them, they hurried the boy. One instant he broke from them to clasp Ethel in his arms and print a kiss upon her forehead. She dropped, half fainting, on the stairs, as between them again they rushed Breese to the river bank and bundled him aboard. "Cast off," said Bruce. "Good-night to you, Mac. Tell Ricarti blood's thicker than water and John Bull's got his prisoner. Give me the wheel, Manuel. Now, full speed, and lie flat!"

Straining eyes and ears, MacLean, hanging to a ring in the stone post on the bank, gazed after them and listened. The Krupps were silent. Yankee gunners had proved too much for Tagal cannoneers, but both banks were lined with riflemen all along the big bend to Pandacan. The sparks pouring from her funnel plainly showed the course of the flying boat. Within a minute of her departure the rifles began to crack, the banks to blaze with spiteful flashes. But on went that meteor of the night, on until it suddenly dove out of sight and into safety beyond the dense fringe of bamboo along the Concordia, and thence went careering on to Manila, her tiny whistle shrieking triumph and defiance as she sped on her way.

And then MacLean drew a long breath and strolled out to the gates and faced the furious throng. "Señor Capitan," said he calmly to the nearest officer, "will you and your brother officers come in and join me in a glass of wine. There are no Americanos here to spoil our pleasure."

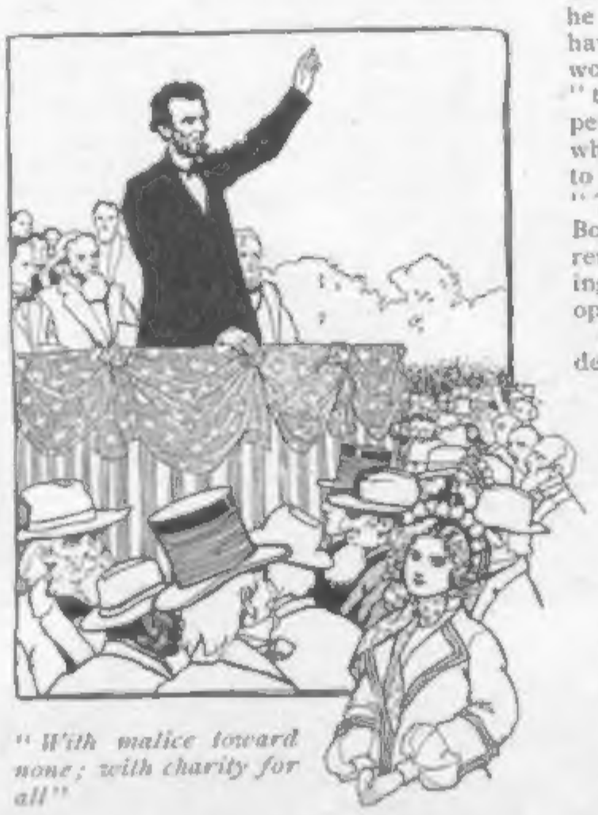
That was last February. They call Bruce Quixote at the English Club now, and "Bob" aboard the whole American fleet. Jackies ashore whip off their caps and grin delightedly at sight of him. Naval regulations were powerless to prevent the mighty, full-throated hurrah that went up the evening Bruce first came aboard to dine as a guest of the wardroom officers. The one thing Ethel Winston was said to have cried over was the beautiful wedding gift he sent her last September. She said it was more than enough that he should have given her a husband.

Kindlier Side of Lincoln

By Col. A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by Carl Kleinschmidt

MY FORMER article on Abraham Lincoln was wholly taken up with events which forbade any presentation of the kindlier side of the great martyr-President. My first visit to him was when he was profoundly agonized with the perils which confronted him as President-elect, and the second meeting with him was on the occasion when heroic measures had to be adopted to protect him against apprehended assassination, and sadness rather than humor ruled during the intercourse I had with him at Springfield and Harrisburg.



"With malice toward none; with charity for all"

Lincoln was the most notable combination of sadness and mirth that I ever met with in any of our public men. His face in repose, under all circumstances, was one of the saddest I ever beheld. It would brighten in conversation, and at times would portray a measure of sorrow that could not be surpassed. He was from his youth much given to melancholy. While he was known as fond of sports and brim full of humor, a very large portion of his life was always given to isolation and solitude, when he gave free latitude to the melancholy tendencies of his mind.

Strange as it may seem, he was always a hopeful man, never pessimistic, and always inclined when discussing any question to take the bright side. He was severely conscientious in his convictions and in his actions. He had faith in the present and greater faith in the future. He had been in early life what is now commonly called an agnostic, with a strong inclination to atheism, but in his mature years he never exhibited a trace of it. I have never known any man who had greater reverence for God than Abraham Lincoln. Throughout his writings, political and otherwise, will be found multiplied expressions of his abiding faith in the Great Ruler of nations and individuals.

LINCOLN'S CHARITY AND BIGNESS OF HEART

In a single sentence to be found in Lincoln's second inaugurative address the country and the world have the most complete portrayal of his character. When he was inaugurated for a second term as President, on the fourth of March, 1865, the military power of the Confederacy was broken, and many in his position would have exhibited the pride of the victor over the vanquished on such an occasion; but after stating in the kindest and most temperate language the duty of himself and of the patriotic people of the country to protect the Union against dismemberment, he does not utter a word of resentment against the South. "With malice toward none; with charity for all," was the brief and eloquent sentence in which he defined the duty of those who had then substantially destroyed the power of the rebellion. That beautiful expression came from the heart of Abraham Lincoln, and it profoundly impressed the whole country, then wildly impassioned by the bitterness of fraternal strife. He knew the resentments which must confront him in restoring the shattered fragments of the Union, and his supreme desire was to have the bitterness of the conflict perish when peace came.

"Couldn't you put a wee drop of the crater in unbeknown to me?"

No man who has filled the Presidential chair was so vindictively and malignantly defamed as was Lincoln in the South. The opponents of the war in the North were guilty of unpardonable assaults upon his integrity, his ability and his methods, but the South had no knowledge of him, as he had filled no important part in national affairs before his election to the Presidency; and his humble birth in Kentucky, close by the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, and his exaggerated rudeness of appearance and manner made the people of the South ready to believe anything to his discredit. He was proclaimed throughout the Confederacy as a second Nero; as a bloody and remorseless butcher; as a vulgar clown who met the sorrows of the nation with ribald jest. Not a single virtue was conceded to him.

A SIMILARITY BETWEEN LINCOLN AND LEE

On several occasions I heard him speak most feelingly of the defamation heaped upon him by the South, but never did he exhibit the semblance of resentment. More than once I have heard him say: "If these people only knew us better it would be well for both of us." He always spoke of them as "these people," as did General Robert E. Lee, who in personal intercourse usually referred to the Union Army when in front of him as "these people." His last order to Longstreet before Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was: "These people are there and they must be driven away." Both of these great characters of our Civil War are now remembered, and will be remembered for all time, as having never uttered a sentence of resentment relating to their opponents in the war.

While Lincoln was ever in the forefront of those who demanded the most vigorous prosecution of the war and the most ample preparations for it, there was not a day that he did not hope to see the silver lining to the cloud pointing the way to peace; and what he meant by peace was the peace of restored brotherhood. Had he lived until the final surrender of the Confederate Army he would have been favorable to the most generous terms of reconstruction that could have been accepted by the country.

I saw him in August, 1864, when the contest for his reëlection was dragging heavily upon our hands and the political horizon seriously clouded. He then believed that he would be defeated by McClellan, as did very many of his friends. He expressed himself about that time in a brief memorandum that he sealed and gave to Secretary Welles to be opened after the election. In that he stated his belief that he would be defeated, and that the remainder of his term after the election would have to be devoted to the consummation of reunion, as it would be of doubtful accomplishment thereafter.

THE PLAN TO INDEMNIFY THE CONFEDERATES

In that conversation he gave me the first intimation of his purpose to try and end the war by paying the South $400,000,000 as compensation for the freedom of the slaves. He had the proposition written out in his own handwriting, but he well knew that if such a purpose on his part were made public it would make his reëlection impossible. He discussed it freely and very earnestly, however, and said that he regarded compensated emancipation as the only way to restore fellowship between the States. He did not doubt the ability of the North to overthrow the military power of the Confederacy, but what he most feared was that the people of the South—driven to desperation by the severe sacrifices they had suffered, and the general desolation of their country that gave them no hope of regaining prosperity—would make their armies disband into guerrilla squads and would be implacable in their resentments against the Government. In all of the many expressions I heard Lincoln make use of, toward the close of the war, he always exhibited an earnest desire to do something that would impressively teach the Southern people that they were not to be held as conquered subjects of a despotic power, but were to come back into the Union and enjoy the blessings of a reunited people.

Lincoln believed that in no way could he so widely and profoundly impress the Southern people with the desire of the Government to deal with them in generous justice as by paying them $400,000,000 as compensation for the loss of their slaves. I can never forget the earnestness with which he spoke of this proposition at a time when he did not dare breathe it to the public. He said the war was costing $4,000,000 a day, and that it would certainly last for more than four months, thus costing the Government more than the whole amount he would have gladly given as compensation for the freedom of the slaves, not to calculate the sacrifice of life and destruction of property. He fretted because he could not convey to the South what he believed should be done to close the war and enable them to reëstablish their homes and fruitful fields. He believed in his theory of compensated

emancipation until his death, and he abandoned it only a short time before the surrender of Lee. He would have suggested it to Vice-President Stephens, of the Confederacy, at their City Point meeting in the winter of 1865, had not Stephens advised him at the outset that he was instructed by Jefferson Davis to entertain no proposition that did not perpetuate the Confederacy, and after his return he wrote a message to Congress in favor of it, submitted it to his Cabinet, by which it was nearly or quite unanimously disapproved, and he indorsed upon it the disapproval of the Cabinet and laid it away.

Lincoln's kindness of heart was exhibited under all circumstances. For a long time he impaired the discipline of the Army by his refusal to permit the execution of soldiers condemned by court martial, and in no instance did the unfortunate ever appeal to him without exciting his warmest sympathy. In the fierce passions of civil war the desire was general throughout the North that the leaders of the rebellion should be banished or executed when the Confederacy should be overthrown, and these expressions of bitterness were surging against Lincoln every day; but I am entirely safe in saying that no one who conversed with him ever heard him utter a single sentence of resentment against any one, North or South. Knowing the intense asperities which prevailed throughout the North, he carefully avoided all discussion of the policy he would pursue when the rebellion collapsed, but he gave repeated intimations of his desire to bring the South back into the most fraternal relations possible.

MR. LINCOLN'S APPLICATION OF AN OLD STORY

A short time before Grant's final movement against Lee in the spring of 1865, that resulted in the capture of Richmond and of Lee's army, Colonel Forney and I called upon the President without any special purpose beyond paying our respects. Lincoln was unusually cheerful, as he had every confidence in the early overthrow of the Southern armies. We had conversed a few minutes when General Ben Butler joined us, and he at once opened up the question of punishing the leaders of the rebellion. He was fierce, vindictive and implacable, and Colonel Forney, who had suffered much from the South, having been prevented from entering Buchanan's Cabinet by the Southern leaders, made the great battle of his life for the preservation of the Union. He was impulsive and enthusiastic in all things, and he gave rather hearty accord to Butler's expressions. I said nothing but watched Lincoln carefully, knowing that he would not be in harmony with the views presented to him, and anxious to see how he would meet them. After hearing them out, he told the story of the Western man who was a chronic drunkard, and who had been taken up by his friends over and over again on promise of reform, until they finally notified him that if he gave way to dissipation again they would abandon him as a hopeless case. He maintained his sobriety for some time, but finally the desire for a stimulating drink mastered him, and when he called for a glass of soda he said:

"Couldn't you put a wee drop of the crater in it unbeknown to me?"

Lincoln always laughed heartily at his own jests, and with equal heartiness at the jests of others, and after the laugh had ended he said that he thought it might save much trouble if the leaders of the rebellion got away "unbeknown" to us. That simple story left no one in doubt as to Lincoln's purpose to make no martyrs to be deified by the South.

MRS. LINCOLN AND HER MISFORTUNE

No one could know Lincoln well without seeing some features of his home life. I have seen him in grave conversation with public men on the most momentous subjects, when "Tad" Lincoln, his favorite boy, would rush into the room, bounce on to his father's lap, throw his arms around his neck, and play hobby-horse on his foot regardless of all the sacred affairs of State. There never was a frown from the father, and the fretting questions of even a great war seemed to perish until "Tad" had completed his romp. The greatest sorrow of Lincoln's life shadowed the altar of his own home, and it was one he had to suffer in silence. The calamity that befell Mrs. Lincoln after his death was visible to those who had opportunity to see for themselves at an early period of his Administration. Mrs. Lincoln was mentally unbalanced, but not sufficiently so to prevent the performance of her social functions, and her vagaries often led to severe reflections upon the President, at times even to the extent of charging her with sympathy for the South, as her brothers were prominent in the Southern Army.

—they could not conceal their disappointment at the appearance of the man before them

I first saw Mrs. Lincoln at Harrisburg on the night that Lincoln made his midnight journey to Washington, and the greatest difficulty we had on that occasion was to prevent her from creating a scene that would have given publicity to the movement. I thought her a fool, and was so disgusted with her that I never spoke to her afterward, although I had frequently gone with ladies to her receptions. I wronged her, for she was then not wholly responsible, and soon after Lincoln's death the climax came, leaving her to grope out the remainder of her life in the starless midnight of insanity. With Lincoln's many other sorrows, considering his love of home and family, it may be understood how keenly he suffered and how he was clouded by shadows for which the world could give no relief.

HOW STORY-TELLING SERVED AS A SAFETY-VALVE

Lincoln has been very unjustly presented by many to the public as a profane and obscene jester. These accusations are wholly false. He had a natural gift for humor that had been cultivated by the natural conditions in which he grew up in the sparsely settled West, where Judges and lawyers traveled the circuit, and sat in the bar-room of the village inn during their evenings, where humor was ever in demand. He told many stories, and always most aptly illustrating some purpose he had in view. It was this love of humor that occasionally mastered him even when almost in the depth of despair, and that saved him when the silver cord was often strained to its utmost tension by his ceaseless and exacting responsibilities. I have many times seen him when sorely depressed by the disasters to our Army and the clouds which the Angel of Sorrow had so widely scattered over the homes of the land, and wondered whether he must not suddenly break under the fearful strain that was upon him; but often when he had drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs his face would instantly brighten like the sun suddenly escaping from a cloud and throwing its refulgence upon the world, as he would halt in his painful expressions and begin, "By the way," and follow it with a story illustrating the subject he had been discussing. It was this quality of humor that was Lincoln's safety-valve. It was the only relief he had from the responsibilities and sorrows which would have crushed almost any other man.

—the fretting questions of even a great war seemed to perish until "Tad" had completed his romp

THE GOVERNOR CURTIN AFFAIR

In the early summer of 1863, Colonel Forney and I called upon Lincoln in company with General Cameron to suggest that the President should tender a mission to Governor Curtin, whose health was so severely broken that his friends believed he could not survive a campaign for reelection. Forney was the friend of Cameron and Curtin; Cameron and Curtin were bitter foes whose intercourse was confined strictly to official matters, and Cameron and I had never been political friends, although our friendly, personal relations were never disturbed. I had never supported him in his political aspirations, and he had never been my friend even when I was the regular nominee of my party. Cameron desired Curtin out of the way because he wanted a more friendly candidate for Governor; I desired him out of the way because I believed it was a choice between retirement and death. All agreeing, therefore, that Curtin should retire, we went to the President to ask him to open the way for Curtin's withdrawal by tendering him a foreign mission. It was the first time that Cameron and I had asked the same favor at his hands, and Lincoln was much amused at the situation. He said that of course with such a combination in favor of Curtin he would want to give him a mission, but said he: "I am in the position of young Sheridan when his father told him that he must cease his rakish life and take a wife, to which he answered, 'All very well, father, but whose wife shall I take?'" He added that he wanted to give Curtin a mission but the missions were all full, and said he, "Whose mission shall I take?"

It was agreed, however, that he should consider the subject until the next morning, when he requested me to call to receive his answer. I did so, and he gave me an autograph letter to Curtin tendering him a first-class mission at the close of his gubernatorial term. Curtin gave public notice of his acceptance of it and of his retirement from the gubernatorial contest, but within a few weeks thereafter a number of the leading counties of the State gave peremptory instructions in his favor, and demanded that he should not be permitted to retire. He was nominated sorely against his will, and reelected, but narrowly escaped giving his life as a sacrifice.

MAKING A JUDGE IN SHORT ORDER

One other occasion on which General Cameron and I called upon Lincoln to ask the same favor was when Congress was about to close on the fourth of March. The President always attended the closing hours of a Congress by going to the President's room in the Capitol to receive bills requiring action before the adjournment. It was thus that Grant's renomination as General of the Army was sent in by President Arthur just in time for the approval of the Senate, even after the hands of the clock had been turned backward. A prominent member of the Legislature from one of the Northern counties, who was a warm, personal friend of mine and also a political friend of Cameron, discovered on the morning of the last day of the session that there was a vacancy in a territorial Judgeship that he desired. He appealed to Cameron and then to me, asking us to go together, as he presumed that Lincoln would not hesitate to make the appointment if thus jointly asked. Cameron and I went to the President's room in the Capitol, where Lincoln was very busy, and we at once stated our mission. He was again much amused at the situation, and said that of course he would have to do it, but that he never was so busy in his life. Said he:

"I am in the position of the Irish dragoon in front of the enemy, who was writing a letter to his mother, in which he said: 'I am writing this letter with a pistol in each hand and a sword in the other.'"

He had his laugh over the story, in which we all joined, for no man told a story in a more fascinating way, and then in three lines he sent a message to the Senate by which our mutual friend was made a Judge within ten minutes from the time the application was presented.

There are many who yet believe, or affect to believe, that Lincoln was a rude jester, and I have heard scores of stories told as "Lincoln's stories" which he never would have repeated in any circle. There was not a trace of vulgarity in the man; there was no love for the indelicate; no fondness for anything that would offend the most refined sensibilities. He was not always graceful in speech, but he was never vulgar, and I have never heard of any who could testify to profanity on his part. One of the most interesting exhibitions of the charm he could throw about men of culture in his plain and at times quaint conversation I happened to witness when a number of British noblemen, then visiting the country, desired to meet the President.

HOW MR. LINCOLN IMPRESSED THE ENGLISHMEN

I was sitting alone with Lincoln when Secretary Seward entered and advised him that the Englishmen would be glad to see him, and he told him to bring them in at once. I arose to go, but he asked me to remain. I took a seat on the sofa at the farther side of the room, and saw some half-dozen English noblemen come in to visit the American President. They were evidently men of unusual intelligence and accomplished graces, and when Lincoln uncoiled his long legs and rose to meet them in his rather awkward way they could not conceal their disappointment at the appearance of the man before them, but they were well bred and courteous to the uttermost. They were anxiously studying our Government and our people, and their questions to Lincoln gave him abundant opportunity to present his best qualities in speaking of our institutions.

It was an interesting study to watch the faces of those accomplished and graceful noblemen as they gradually forgot the lack of manner in the great man before them and learned to appreciate his intelligence, his patriotism, and his intimate knowledge of all that pertained to the great Republic whose grandeur they were studying. They were probably thirty minutes with Lincoln, but before they left they were profoundly impressed by him, and the sudden flush of disappointment they had first betrayed had perished in their visible and wonderful admiration for the man. They heartily grasped him by the hand as they bade him adieu, and I am quite sure that none of those English noblemen ever thereafter uttered a disrespectful word of Abraham Lincoln. When they had gone he gave vent to the amusement they had given him by their surprise when they first met him.

No man ever came in contact with Abraham Lincoln who did not learn to love, honor, and even reverence him. His ablest political enemies ever paid the highest tributes, not only to his personal attributes, but to his masterly ability, and none surpassed Stephen A. Douglas, the ablest foeman Lincoln ever met, in his appreciation of Lincoln's qualities. He had to accept vastly the gravest responsibilities ever put upon any President of the United States, and I am quite sure that no other man could have filled Lincoln's place during the Civil War with equal safety to the Republic. Had he been vindictive and resentful his fame would not be without blemish to-day.

What was to me the most beautiful tribute I had ever heard paid to him came from the lips of Jefferson Davis, when I visited him at his home in Mississippi some ten years after the war. He never tired of discussing the character and the actions of Lincoln, and asked me many questions about his personal qualities. After he had heard all that could be given in the brief time that I had, he said with a degree of mingled earnestness and pathos that few could have equaled:

"Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has ever known."

A BUNCH of ROSES
A Comedietta in ONE ACT
By M. E. M. Davis

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

WELL, WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS AM I TO CALL YOU?

CHARACTERS:

MR. PETER PETLOVE: *middle-aged and jealous.*
MRS. PETER PETLOVE: *Christian name,* HARRIET: *young and pretty.*
MISS HILDA GREAVES: *young, pretty and romantic.*
MISS MALVINA PILKINGTON: *uncertain age; very romantic.*
MR. HERBERT MASON.
MR. GEORGE HARGROVE.
HIGGS: *a romantic maid.*
HOPSON: *a romantic butler.*

Visitors at Petlove Court.

SCENE: *Petlove Court, Pass Christian.*

COSTUMES.—Ladies all wear in first scene light muslin or organdy dresses, with leghorn hats.

In the second scene, Mrs. Petlove wears a tea-gown. Miss Pilkington and Hilda wear traveling wraps.

Men wear duck. Hopson, butler's costume.

(*The curtain rises on a sitting-room at Petlove Court. A small stand on the left holds an empty vase. Doors and portières to R and L. Chairs, sofa and other furniture.*)

SCENE I

Enter MR. *and* MRS. PETLOVE.

MRS. P. *wears a garden hat and carries a pair of garden shears.* MR. P. *is in a temper.*

MRS. P. (*sweetly*): Peter, my dear——

MR. P. (*angrily*): Don't Peter me, Madam!

MRS. P. (*provokingly*): Well, Petlove——

MR. P.: Don't Petlove me, either.

MRS. P. (*impatiently*): Well, what in the name of goodness am I to call you?

MR. P.: You don't want to call me at all, Mrs. Petlove. You are quite satisfied without your husband, Mrs. Petlove, so long as those two idiotic young asses are within call. And I won't stand it any longer, Mrs. P. I go into my own library before breakfast—yes, Madam, before breakfast! this very morning—and whom do I find there? I find that jackanapes, Hargrove, Madam, dawdling around your chair——

MRS. P.: Dear me, Mr. Petlove, how can you be so ridiculous! If Mr. Hargrove dawdles around my chair, everybody knows it is because he wants to talk about Hilda——

MR. P. (*interrupting*): I go upon my own veranda this very noon—yes, Madam, this very noon!—and there is that numskull Mason swinging your hammock——

MRS. P. (*interrupting*): If Mr. Mason swings my hammock, it is only because he is in love with Hilda——

MR. P.: Oh, hang Hilda!

MRS. P. (*with spirit*): Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Petlove (*sobbing a little*), to t-talk about h-hanging Hilda!

MR. P. (*roaring*): No, Madam! I'm not ashamed! And this very afternoon—not five minutes ago—I stroll into my own garden, and there I find both the confounded fools helping you to cut my roses. *My* roses, Madam! I won't have it, Mrs. Petlove. I will send for the police, if necessary, to keep idle young men from dangling around *my* premises, making love to *my* wife. Do you hear?

MRS. P. (*angrily*): Yes, I hear. And just you try it, Peter Petlove, do *you* hear? (*She marches in a huff to one side of the room. Enter* MASON *R.*)

MASON: Oh, Mrs. Petlove, here is your glove. (*Hands glove.*) I found it in the arbor. I fetched it in from the garden.

MR. P. (*listening with a hand to his deaf ear*): What is he saying, confound him? "Oh, Mrs. Petlove, dear is your love; it amounts to ardor. Your neck is like the swan!" Impudent scoundrel! Right under my nose, too. Oh, I'll——

MASON (*to* MRS. P.): If you'll find me a bit of rope I'll mend the tennis net.

MR. P. (*listening*): What is he saying? "If you'll kindly give me hope I'll win and wear you yet!" Outrageous! Abominable!

MRS. P. (*sweetly*): Certainly, Mr. Mason. (*Picking up work-basket from table.*) But would not a needle and thread be better?

MR. P. (*listening*): What is she saying? "Certainly, Mr. Mason, if we can wheedle the dread Petlove." Oh, I'll wheedle you, Madam! I'll wheedle you! (*Starts forward.*)

(*Enter* MISS PILKINGTON, MISS GREAVES *and* MR. HARGROVE *R.* PETLOVE *restrains his wrath, but continues to glare ferociously at his wife and* MASON.)

MISS PILKINGTON (*gushingly*): Oh, Harriet Petlove, *such* a sunset! You should have seen it! But at *your* age, of course, the evening dews are dangerous. To *youth* such trifles do not count. Youth like—ah—mine is so warm!

MASON (*to* HARGROVE, *aside*): And so dry!

MRS. P. (*with an affected sigh*): You are right, Malvina, my love. My time for viewing sunsets is over, alas! (*Looks languishingly around.*)

HILDA: It was a lovely sunset, Mrs. Petlove. The sky was as red as a rose——

MRS. P. (*hastily*): Oh, that reminds me! My roses! I had quite forgotten them. I left them in the garden when my dear Peter—ahem—called me to come in.

(*She touches a bell on the table. Enter* HIGGS *L.*)

HIGGS (*curtsying*): Yes, mum.

MRS. P.: Go into the garden and fetch me the bunch of roses which you will find on a bench in the rose arbor.

HIGGS: Yes, mum.

MRS. P. (*continuing*): And Higgs, take these. (*Hands hat and lace wrap.* HILDA *and* MISS PILKINGTON *hand theirs. Exit* HIGGS *R.*)

MR. P.: Confound the roses! She means mischief by 'em, I am sure she does! I'd like to gr-rind 'em to powder, and both these grinning young apes with 'em!

(*Reënter* HIGGS *with bunch of red roses. General exclamation over their size and beauty. Enter* HOPSON *L.*)

HOPSON: Dinner is served, mum.

MRS. P. (*rising and handing roses to* HIGGS): Put them in the vase yonder, Higgs.

HIGGS: Yes, mum.

(MR. P. *gives his arm to* MISS PILKINGTON, HARGROVE *escorts* HILDA, *and* MASON *brings up the rear with* MRS. P. HOPSON *holds back portière L for guests. Exeunt* PETLOVE *and guests.* HOPSON *pauses, places his hand on his heart, heaves an exaggerated sigh looking tenderly at* HIGGS, *and goes slowly out L.*)

HIGGS (*arranging flowers in vase*): Lor'! When Hopson looks at me like that it do make the shivers run down my spine! (*Stops and reflects.*) He looks *per*-cisely like Lord Albert Fitzdoodle in the Bride of the One-Handed Baron, he do! (*Fixes roses, then stops to giggle.*) It's like livin' in a novel, I *de*-clare! I'm mortal sure Hopson is in love with me! Oh, my! Ain't it bee-*yu*-ti-ful! An' Mr. Mason, he's in love with Miss Hilda; an' Miss Hilda, she's sweet on Mr. Hargrove; an' Mr. Hargrove, he's just *dyin'* for *her*. An' pore Miss Malvina, *she's* like the Lone Maiden of the Ice-bound Clift—allers a-lookin' for a man an' never findin' one! An' Master, he's that jealous of Missus; an' Missus, she's like the Lady of the Tower—a hidin' of her broken heart under a mask of joy! Ain't it just lovely! There, now! (*Stands back and surveys flowers in vase.*) They'll do. (*Exit R.*)

(*Enter* HOPSON *C with wine-bottle under his arm; napkin around bottle. Takes a folded note from his vest pocket, strides forward with stage-hero air, unfolds note.*)

HOPSON: I'm supposed to be fetchin' up some claret from the cellar for the old gent; but this here private business of Hopson, Esquire, is a sight more important than the old gent or the old gent's tipple, either. (*Bell rings in dining-room.*) Ring on, Peter Petlove! I'm down cellar. I don't hear no bell! This here *billet dux* has got to be in the fair hands o' Higgs before the comp'ny leaves the dinner-table. It's a offer of marriage, an' a proposition for a e-lopement. I think it's a neat dokyment myself. (*Surveys note proudly.*) I copied it on the old gent's typewriter out of the second vollum of The Fate of the Lady Sophronia; or, The Footprints of Mystery, where the Markis of Bunnington asks the Lady Sophronia to e-lope with him. (*Bell rings.*) Easy, Peter, my boy! (*Reads:*)

"Beloved Object of my Affections: You know that I adore you. Incomparable idol of my heart. If you reciprocate this fervid attachment wear a red rose when the evening shades prevail. I will take this not only as a token of your love but as a sign you will elope with me to-night. Meet me in the sitting-room when the family has retired.—H."

Oh, Higgs! Higgs! Your bright eyes has burned holes in my very bein'. (*Loud and angry cries of* Hopson! Hopson! *from dining-room.*) Yes, sir, I'm comin'. Peter is gettin' nervous. Wherever will I put the *billet dux*? Oh, here is Higgs' key-basket. I'll drop it in. (*Puts note in basket on table and exit L, calling.*) Comin', sir; comin'!

(*Enter* HIGGS *R. She has been peeping in during* HOPSON'S *soliloquy. She seizes note and unfolds it.*)

HIGGS (*slowly and with difficulty reads*): "Be-lov-ed ob-ob-ject of my-my af-af-fections: You know that I a-a-adore you. If you rec-i-pocket this fever-ed nt-at-attachment, wear a red rose when the evening shades per-vail. I will take this not only as a tock-ken of your love, but as a sig-en you will elope with me to-night. Meet me in the sitting-room when the fam-family ha-has re-ti-red.—H." Oh, my! I allers did want to e-lope! Ain't it just lovely! I knew Hopson was dyin' for me! I'll take the rose now, before the Missus comes. (*Takes rose from vase. Noise of company approaching.*) Mussy me! Whatever will I do with it! (*Slips note in book on table, and holds rose behind her. Enter* PETLOVE *and guests.*)

MRS. P.: The moon must be up by this time. Shall we all go out on the lawn?

MASON: Ah, capital idea, Mrs. Petlove.

MR. P. (*aside*): What is he saying? "I'll sit by your side, Mrs. Petlove?" Impudent scoundrel! I'll show him!

MISS PIL. (*simpering*): Be not too imprudent, Harriet, my dear. Remember the evening dew, I beseech you.

MRS. P.: Thank you, Malvina, my love.

MRS. P.: Higgs! Give me my lace shawl. (HIGGS *wraps the shawl about* MRS. P., *holding the rose behind her.*)

MRS. P.: And now, Higgs, go and spread a rug on the grass so that an *old* person—ahem—like myself may enjoy the moonlight without catching cold.

HIGGS: Yes, mum. (*Backs out awkwardly.*)

MRS. P. (*looking after her*): Why, what can be the matter with Higgs? She acts very queerly. I hope she is not going crazy. (*Shrieks from* HILDA *and* MISS PILKINGTON. *Both drop into chairs.* MASON *and* HARGROVE *rush to* HILDA *and fan her. General excitement.*)

MRS. P. (*laughing*): Come! Come! I do not think poor Higgs is as dangerous as all this! Mr. Mason, shall we lead the way? (*Exeunt R all but* PETLOVE.)

MR. P. (*shaking his fist after* MASON): Oh, I'll have the police—— (*Exit R.*)

(*Enter* HOPSON *L. Looks carefully around. Sees note has disappeared. Lays hand on heart and sighs.*)

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

HOPSON PAUSES, PLACES HIS HAND ON HIS HEART

HOPSON: Oh, Higgs! Higgs! My love is then returned! (*Enter* HILDA. *Looks carefully about.*)

HILDA: Hopson, have you seen my book? I laid it down somewhere this afternoon.

HOPSON (*picking up book from sofa and handing it to her*): Is this it, Miss?

HILDA (*reading title*): The Bride of the One-Handed Baron. No. (*Smiling.*) It is Tennyson's Princess I am looking for.

HOPSON (*taking book from table*): Here it is, Miss. I see Mr. Hargrove a-readin' of it just afore dinner was served, Miss.

HILDA: Yes, this is it. Thank you, Hopson. (*Hopson bows solemnly and exit L.*)

HILDA (*sits down and opens book dreamily. Note drops out. She picks it up. Reads*): "Beloved Object of my Affections." (*Note entire as before.*) Ah! (*Rising and pressing note to heart.*) At last! I felt sure that Hargrove loved me! Signed "H." (*Kisses note.*) What delicious reserve! What delicacy! What imagination! *No* one but George Hargrove ever could have conceived such a plan! Wear a red rose? Indeed I will. (*Goes to vase and selects rose.*) Not that there is the least need of our eloping! No one, I am sure, would object to our marriage. But it is so romantic, *so* like George Hargrove! Ah, some one is coming.

(*Slips note in The Princess and lays book on sofa. Enter* MASON *R.*)

MASON: Ah, Miss Hilda! I thought you were in the rose arbor.

HILDA (*embarrassed*): I—was.

MASON: Mrs. Petlove wishes to see you. May I——

HILDA (*absently*): Oh! about nine o'clock! Red rose . . . That is . . . on no account! Thank you, Mr. Mason! (*Picks up wrong book and exit hastily L.*)

MASON (*gazing after her*): She seems strangely embarrassed. What can be the cause? Can it be that she loves me! I've heard that embarrassment is a sure sign of love. . . . Let me see what the dear girl has been reading. Ah, The Princess. (*Opens book, note drops out, picks it up and reads:*) "Beloved Object." (*Note entire as before.*) Signed "H." Hilda, of course! (*Kisses note.*) So *that* was the cause of her charming confusion! She placed the note here on seeing me, and left it for me. Lovely device! I always *thought* she loved me. Oh, Hilda, Hilda! (*Takes rose from vase.*) But why elope? Romantic creature! No matter, I'm willing. Hello——

(*Enter* MISS PILKINGTON. MASON *tries to stuff note into vest-pocket, but drops it unnoting.*)

MISS PIL. (*simpering*): Have you so soon wearied of Diana's silver beams, Mr. Mason?

MASON (*absently*): Yes—er—ah—signed "H." At nine to-night. Oh, I'm much obliged, Miss Pilkington, I'm sure.

MISS PIL. (*gushing*): Ah, if one had but a Being at one's side filled with tenderness and love, how s-w-ee-t to gaze for-e-v-e-r on the radiant orb.

MASON (*going*): Certainly, ma'am, certainly.

MISS PIL. (*following him*): Ah, Mr. Mason—Herbert! how my soul yearns to meet its mate!

MASON (*aside*): Oh, the dickens! (*Aloud.*) You really must excuse me. I have an engagement. (*Exit.*)

MISS PIL. (*looking after him*): How shy he is, and yet methinks his eye bespoke a universe of love. He alone is my soul's mate. He—— (*Sees note, picks it up, reads:*) "Beloved Object." (*Note in full as before.*) Signed "H." Herbert, of course! What bliss! He dropped it at my very feet. (*Kisses note.*) What delicacy! What reserve! What romantic fancy! *Such* a declaration! *So* like my shy, retiring Herbert! And an elopement! Ah, how ravishing! (*Takes rose from vase. Exit simpering R. Enter* HOPSON *with lighted lamp.*)

HOPSON: How my heart do beat! Oh, Higgs! if you don't wear that red rose the miserable Hopson will plunge a dagger in his breast! (*Exit L.*)

(*Enter* MR. PETLOVE *and* HARGROVE. MR. P. *has the note in his hand and is much excited.*)

MR. P.: Signed "H.," sir! "*H.*," sir! Harriet, sir!

HARGROVE (*soothingly*): I think you must be mistaken, Mr. Petlove. Where did you find the note?

MR. P.: I found it, sir—on a bench in the rose arbor, where Mrs. Petlove had been sitting with Mason, sir!

HARGROVE (*aside*): I was sure of it. Signed "H." Hilda, of course! And she sent me ten minutes ago to the rose arbor for her handkerchief. She meant me to find the note.

MR. P. (*striking note furiously with forefinger*): Look at it, sir! Look at it. Here is *my* wife proposing to elope from *my* house to-night with Mason, *my* guest! She orders him to wear one of *my* roses, confound it! in a note written on *my* paper! It's abominable! (*Rushes from room L.*)

HARGROVE (*looking after him*): What an idiot! His wife is the best and most patient of women. . . . But what a lucky dog I am. I *thought* she loved me. Romantic creature! There is no earthly reason for an elopement. (*Takes rose from vase.*) In fact, it is a little ridiculous, since nobody could object to our marriage. But I don't care. I'll elope to Kamchatka if she wishes it. Dear Hilda! (*Exit L., bumping against* MR. P., *who rushes in, seizes the last rose in the vase and sticks it in his buttonhole. Enter* MRS. PETLOVE *and guests from garden. All except* MRS. P. *wear red roses.*)

MRS. P. (*looking around amazed*): Well, I declare! Where—ah, I see. My roses! (*Looking at empty vase.*)

MR. P. (*seizes her arm and drags her forward*): Mason is wearing a rose. A *red* rose. *I* am wearing a red rose.

MRS. P. (*innocently*): I see you are, Peter.

MR. P.: Deceitful viper! But you shall not carry out your infamous plan, Mrs. Petlove. I'll be there.

MRS. P. (*indignantly*): I have no plans, Peter Petlove, and if I had I would carry them out in spite of you.

BUT YOU SHALL NOT CARRY OUT YOUR INFAMOUS PLAN, MRS. PETLOVE. I'LL BE THERE

MR. P.: Abominable! Outrageous! But I'll be there!

MASON (*smelling at the rose in his buttonhole*): Petlove, you certainly do grow magnificent roses. (*Aside.*) Dear Hilda understands why *I* sport this extraordinary cabbage!

HARGROVE (*looking significantly at* HILDA): I shall carry away your sweetest rose from Petlove Court, Mrs. Petlove. (*Aside.*) Hilda alone fathoms my real meaning.

MASON (*yawning*): Is it not getting very late?

HARGROVE (*yawning*): Must be. I'm frightfully sleepy. Excuse my frankness, ladies. (*Bows gallantly.*)

HILDA (*yawning*): Really I think I shall have to retire.

MRS. P.: Why, what in the world has come over you all! Usually no one gets sleepy before midnight. Now, here you are yawning your heads off before nine o'clock!

MR. P. (*aside, suppressing a yawn*): Oh, I see it all. She pretends to be sleepy (*yawns in spite of himself*), in order to prepare for the elopement. But I'll be there.

(*A general chorus of open and undisguised yawns.*)

MRS. P.: This is perfectly absurd! I'll ring for candles (*rings*), but we will all be rising before the lark to-morrow.

(*Enter* HIGGS *with tray containing bedroom candles, match-box, etc. She wears a red rose in her cap.*)

MRS. P. (*stares at her and bursts into a laugh*): Why, even Higgs seems to belong to the Order of the Rose!

HIGGS (*sniffing*): Please, mum, it have fell out of the vase, mum, an' I didn't think you'd care, mum.

MRS. P. (*kindly*): I don't care, Higgs. It is all right.

(*The two young men light candles and hand them to* MRS. PETLOVE *and the young ladies. Girls follow* MRS. P. *L. with gay good-nights, and disappear, singing. Men go out C.* HIGGS *stands a moment, tray in hand.* HOPSON *appears at door R or L C. She looks at him with a coquettish toss of the head and runs off L.* HOPSON *puts out lamp and exits.*)

SCENE II

(*Same as Scene I. Enter, in darkened room,* MASON *R, groping his way;* MR. PETLOVE *L ditto. Just as they are about to meet, enter* HIGGS, *groping her way. Putting out her left hand she encounters* MASON, *who seizes her hand.*)

MASON (*in a low voice*): Dearest girl!

HIGGS (*aside*): Oh, my, ain't it bee-*yu*-ti-ful! (*Aloud.*) It's Hopson!

MR. P.: Aha, Mrs. P., you see I'm here!

HIGGS (*aside, frightened*): The Master!

MASON (*aside*): Don't be alarmed, Love; it is Mr. Petlove. He thinks you are his wife. Hush! Don't speak. Be as still as a mouse!

MR. P.: Deceitful serpent! (*To Higgs.*) Your abominable conduct, Mrs. P., deserves death!

MASON (*on the other side, aside*): Lean on me. We will get rid of him presently.

HIGGS (*leaning on* MASON, *aside*): Ain't it romantic!

(*Enter* HILDA *L. At the noise* MASON *and* PETLOVE *tiptoe to extreme left of stage, still holding* HIGGS' *hands.*)

HILDA (*feeling her way about*): George, where are you?

HARGROVE (*stealing in R and seizing her outstretched hand*): Here I am, Hilda, my angel.

HILDA: Oh, George, George!

MASON (*in a whisper*): I hear voices. Who can it be? Be still, my adored one (*to Higgs*). I am with you.

MR. P.: Ah, I have you, Mrs. P. (*to Higgs*). You cannot escape me, Mrs. P.!

(*Noise outside.* HILDA *and* HARGROVE *tiptoe to extreme right of stage and stand hand in hand, listening. Enter* MISS PILKINGTON. *She wears a bonnet and veil and duster.*)

MISS PIL.: Beloved Object!

HARGROVE (*aside*): Pilky, by Jove!

MASON (*aside*): Malvina!

MR. P. (*aside*): The detested Mason!

(*Enter* HOPSON *with rope-ladder, satchel, umbrella, etc. Wears duster and traveling-cap.*)

HOPSON: Angel of my soul, are you here?

MISS PIL. (*ecstatically*): 'Tis Herbert! Oh, how romantic! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Beloved Object of my Young Affections, I am here! (*Throws herself in Hopson's arms.*)

MASON and HARGROVE: The deuce!

(HIGGS, *startled, tries to release herself, but both* PETLOVE *and* MASON *grasp her closely.*)

Voice of MRS. PETLOVE (*outside*): P—e—e—e—ter!

(MR. P. *is too astonished to let go of* HIGGS' *hand. Enter* MRS. P. *with lighted candle. She looks around amazed. Loud screams from* HIGGS *and* MISS PILKINGTON. *Exclamations from others.* HARGROVE *and* HILDA *alone continue to clasp hands, though looking foolish.*)

MRS. P. (*bewildered*): What does *this* mean? (*Silence.*) What *does* this mean? (*Silence.*) Mr. Petlove (*sternly*), *what* does this *mean?*

MR. P.: Harriet, my love.

MRS. P. (*outraged*): Don't Harriet *me*, sir.

MR. P. (*taking note from pocket*): I implore you to listen, Har—Mrs. Petlove. Here is your note to Mason.

MRS. P. (*taking note*): My note! I have not written a note to Mr. Mason! "Beloved Object," etc. (*Reads note in full as before, with growing indignation.*) Signed "H.!" An infamous plot to cover up your own villainy, sir!

MASON (*snatching the note*): You are entirely mistaken. This is a note to *me* from Hilda—Miss Greaves——

HILDA (*rushing forward and snatching the note*): What impertinence! *I* did not write the note! It was written to *me* by George—Mr. Hargrove.

HARGROVE (*snatching note*): Why, Hilda, I did not write it! I thought you wrote it to me——

MISS PIL. (*snatching the note*): The missive is mine! It was indited to me by my adored Herbert—er—ah—Mr. Mason, and dropped at my very feet.

(MASON *tears his hair and opens his lips to speak, but* HOPSON *comes forward with a stage stride.*)

HOPSON: Please, mum, *I* have wrote the *billet dux* to Higgs, mum. Higgs is the Beloved Object of my Affections. An' if Higgs is willin', mum—— HIGGS (*running to him*): Oh, yes, Hopson, I'm willin'!

(MR. P. *is in the background on his knees to* MRS. P., *who still holds her candle.*)

HARGROVE (*to* HILDA *tenderly*): It is a blessed mistake for me, Hilda, if you are still willing to——

HILDA (*softly*): Yes, George, I am willing.

MASON (*looking at* MISS PIL., *who has removed her bonnet; aside*): By Jove, Pilky is pretty! She's more. She's stunning. I never noticed it before. Why, Hilda is as a glowworm to a star beside her! And I never did like goslings, anyhow! Malvina (*aloud*), Malvina, you are the Lady of my Dreams. Are you still willing to——

MISS PIL. (*flying to him*): Oh, YES, Herbert, your Malvina is willing.

MR. P.: (*coming forward with* MRS. P.): Mrs. Petlove, you are a trump. You have forgiven me like the seraph you are. And we will have three weddings at Petlove Court immediately, including Higgs and Hopson. That is, if you are willing, Harriet, to pardon these lovers for stealing——

MRS. P.: My bunch of roses? Oh, yes; I am willing.

'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY

DRAWN BY JOHN SLOAN

The New Gospel of Compulsory Civilization

Of course almost anything may be expected in these closing days of the nineteenth century, and one need not be astonished to realize suddenly that we have come in our preachments and practices to the new gospel of compulsory civilization. There is not a Legislature in the United States in which a bill has not been introduced for compulsory education or compulsory voting, and many other reforms have been planned with drastic methods. Consequently, we have been approaching the new idea by natural stages, and thus we feel prepared by our long experience in self-government and by our confidence in ourselves to show the peoples of other lands just what they ought to do and how to do it.

If it were simply a personal manifestation it might be different, but our old friend Great Britain seems to have it in even a more acute form than ourselves. Thus, she has sent her thousands of troops and her bravest officers to South Africa to compel the unprogressive Boers to join the procession of modern progress, and to do those things which she considers necessary for their welfare, and especially for the welfare of her own subjects. Many lives have been lost in this endeavor, but it seems a part of the program of civilization. President McKinley, who appreciates the value of phrases, calls our course in the Philippines "benevolent assimilation," but in the minds of many it comports very consistently with the idea of compulsory civilization, which we, as the guardians of right and liberty, are unfortunately obliged to impose upon the peoples who inadequately appreciate the blessings that they ought to enjoy.

There seems to be a general disposition to hold on to all that we have on the other side of the world. The report of the Philippine Commission openly advocates this course, and distinctly says that the only honorable and possible thing to do is to keep the islands and develop the people until they are capable of self-government, and also the resources which they declare to be worth all that they have cost. Thus, in the mere matter of territory, we are very much within the circle of disturbances on the other side of the globe.

PHOTO BY ROOT, CHICAGO

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Dividing Up the Biggest Nation of the Earth

It is in China that the greatest work is going on. Few of us realize the extent of the partition of this great country, or the rapidity with which it has been executed. Until 1897 the Powers held little of China. Great Britain had Hongkong and some other small concessions—that is all. Now, out of the nineteen Provinces of China, including Manchuria, thirteen are politically reserved by the different Powers of Europe. In 1897 some German missionaries were murdered and the German forces occupied the Port of Kaio-Chau, and last March Germany acquired a lease for ninety-nine years that practically gives her influence over the whole of the Province of Shan-tung, with the sole right of railway construction. Russia followed by leasing Port Arthur, and finally acquiring all of the great Province of Manchuria, and she made this agreement so strong that she has absolute control of the concessions and the commerce. Then Great Britain began and by rapid work established her influence over no less than six Provinces, without, however, exclusive privileges. France was a little late, but did the best she could, which was a ninety-nine-year lease on the important coaling station at Kwang-chau-wan, also extending her influence, without exclusive privileges, over three Provinces. As usual, of course, Great Britain was not satisfied, and in a convention signed on the ninth of last June she succeeded in getting away from France two of those Provinces. Japan protected her interests, and Italy was about to take a hand in the distribution when her statesmen sensibly realized that they had troubles enough at home. It has been stated that on the five Provinces remaining there is no political mortgage, but British and American capitalists have secured concessions from most of them.

One thing is worthy of mention, and that is the error of people in thinking for one instant that China and the Chinese are as inert and helpless as the war with Japan seemed to demonstrate. We, who judge the Chinese largely by the laundrymen, whose establishments add nothing to the artistic value of our streets, forget that there is in China a large educated class with the intellectual subtlety of the Oriental, and the enterprise born of long years of suspicion and clever trading. It is true that the Chinese are not inventive, nor do they have the initiative of other peoples, but, as in the case of the Japanese, their imitative qualities are abnormally developed, and while the other nations are attempting to improve them, they afford a real menace in the effect they may have upon the manufactures of the world, for it is as certain as anything can be that with their cheap wages and their long hours they must affect to no inconsiderable extent the entire industrial problem of the world.

"Where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the needle points to the South, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellectuality is in the stomach; when to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning"—that is Wingrove Cooke's description of China and the Chinese. However different their habits may be from those of the rest of the world, there can be no question as to the total in acres and people which they represent. They have a country of over 4,000,000 square miles, and a population of nearly 500,000,000 people, and they represent not only a power in numbers and a marvelous sum in wealth, but what is far more practical for the immediate consideration of nations—a market of almost inexhaustible richness. The gospel of compulsory civilization will build for them railways and telegraph lines, establish manufactures and inaugurate reforms, and at the same time it will be educating them up to those desires and needs for fine food and raiment which belong to our larger progress. Their chief men are suspicious and selfish, and there are many who stand against any of the improvements of the Christian dogs. But gradually and inevitably the changes are being made, and whether diplomacy will be able to play the game to the end without recourse to war is one of those interesting problems which must engage the speculations of every one.

The Open-Door Policy

We are reading in the papers of all parts of the world that in the new arrangement the open-door policy shall be maintained by China. This means, in brief, that every nation shall be on the same footing in trading with the Celestial Empire. It has taken years to break down the barriers in China, and the work is not yet done. The United States, as with some other nations, has the favored-nation clause, which means that this country shall have the same advantages in commerce as any other people. Lord Charles Beresford worked for what he called the open-door policy as regards England. In trade every man desires to be on the same footing, to have equal chances and absolute justice, and thus the cry has gone forth, until now all are making the same demand. In the case of the United States, the importance of sticking to the determination is clearly shown by the fact that in less than a decade our trade with China has increased over three hundred per cent., until now it is nearing twenty-five millions of dollars a year. There is no reason in the world why it should not reach several times that sum within the next few years, provided we have the same advantages as Great Britain, which at present enjoys the largest proportion of Chinese commerce.

It is gratifying to know that Russia has declared two of her ports to be free, and it is probable that France will follow her example.

In the meanwhile, we have a curious situation in the Philippines. There the nations are demanding an open-door policy just as earnestly as we are asking for it in China, but in order that this may be brought about we must either suspend our tariff laws in respect to the Philippines or remove them entirely as far as they affect our own ports. And there is another thing: since October, 1888, we have excluded the Chinese from this country, and the Chinese Minister declares that if we desire these favors in the East we should do something to suspend the law that is so openly hostile to the Chinese people. In the meanwhile this country has not only demanded equal commercial rights, but has asked the Powers to put the agreement in writing. This is business.

PHOTO BY ROOT, CHICAGO

HON. EDWIN H. CONGER, OF IOWA
U. S. MINISTER TO CHINA

The Ambitions of Russia and Great Britain

Since 1858 England has ruled India and its 300,000,000 of people, its 1,600,000 square miles of territory, and its revenue of from $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year. Here the policy of compulsory civilization has obtained, but the slowness of it is well illustrated by the fact that it took thirty years to get to the point of an Indian National Congress, a body composed of delegates from the different parts of the great country, to consider their own interests and to further culture and education. The English have done wonders in the way of administration, but it is admitted that the populations have not yet been raised very much higher in the scale of improvement. It is the power of the British flag more than the vigor of the Indian subjects that dominates.

At one side of it Russia is pressing, and from the north, down the Chinese coast, the Russian Bear is also gradually advancing, and thus the situation between the two great powers increases in dramatic intensity every year. There are many good students of international affairs who see in Great Britain's difficulties in South Africa Russia's opportunity in Asia, and this indeed is the point of interest for all those who wish to study the politics of the world. Nowhere on earth are greater prizes offered to the nation that wins, for it means the biggest trade, the greatest wealth, the largest expansion in territory and in numbers that any Power has ever achieved in the history of modern civilization. In the discussion of this problem it is gravely announced that Russia can at any time put in the field between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 fighting men, and that back of these she has over 12,000,000 who may be called into service if they were needed. There is no question but that Russia has played her cards desperately and brilliantly, and her success has been commensurate with the chances she took. There is no less doubt that Great Britain intends to keep all that she has, to get all that she can, and to have her full share in the East. The contest, therefore, is well worth while. Japan is interested, and so are Germany and other Powers, but the big fellows in the game are Russia and Great Britain.

American Interests in the Philippines

Our little war in the Philippines has gone about as well as ordinary people expected. Our responsibilities there are evident, and it has been practically decided that we shall keep the flag flying over the archipelago and shall have to do what we can to measure up to our duty. It is about settled that the Honorable Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, will be one of the chief figures in the determining of our national policy, and the expression of his views is well worth quoting. He said: "The Straits settlements are in the same geographical groups as the Philippines. These people were barbarous and piratical forty years ago. They have been changed into one of the most orderly and prosperous people on the face of the globe—communities which largely govern themselves. I have no doubt that the same results can be brought about in the Philippines. I believe that in a year from to-day things will be in a composed condition in the Philippines. We should give a large proportion of the responsible positions to trustworthy natives. The Filipinos possess many qualities of self-government." And they like office, too.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

The Man Who Took the Notes

General J. C. Breckinridge, the Inspector-General of the Army, is virtually the critic of the service. It is his duty to ascertain the defects and the evils of the military establishment and report upon them. He is accordingly regarded with awe as an official, just as he is treated with respect as a man. While in Cuba a short time ago he attended the review of a large body of troops. He was attired in civilian dress and stood with Army officers, all in uniform, at the reviewing point. Near him stood a Captain of Regulars, a graduate of West Point. Breckinridge observed certain features which he deemed worthy of note, and took from his pocket a small book and jotted down his impressions. The Army officer glanced at this operation and asked, with every prospect, to himself, of obliterating Breckinridge, whom, of course, he did not know

"Are you a newspaper reporter?"

"No, sir," quietly replied General Breckinridge.

"Well," persisted the interrogator, "what are you making notes for?"

"Don't you Army officers ever make notes?" questioned General Breckinridge in reply. "It's a good idea," he volunteered. "Especially if you ever want to remember anything and make use of it afterward"

The other officer was nettled at such a response, and plainly showed by his subsequent remarks that he did not relish such advice from a civilian, who had no visible reason for hanging about Army officers. It was not many days afterward that the officer found himself ordered "to report for duty with Inspector General Breckinridge," and was surprised and somewhat concerned when he recognized in General Breckinridge the supposed civilian who had such superior ideas on the subject of making notes of things he wanted to remember

As They Do Things in China

Queer and beyond comprehension are the ways of "the heathen Chinee." A story comes from Minnesota, of which State General Alexander C. Jones, the United States Consul at Chinkiang, China, is a citizen.

One morning the Consul entered the Shanghai Club, of which he is a distinguished member

"What's up, General?" exclaimed a group of friends near the door. "What has brought you down here?"

"Only a desire to please some polite rioters and incendiaries," was the singular response

"That's beyond us, General. Explain it."

"With pleasure. In my consular district a high Chinese official is removed only when a big riot occurs in his jurisdiction and the report of the affair gets to the central Government at Peking. The official, of course, tries his best to suppress the news when an outbreak takes place. This is not difficult when the sufferer is a native or a lot of natives, but is impossible when he is a man of determination and a 'foreign devil.'

"The people up here have found out this fact and have come to know my character. A new prefect arrived in our city not long ago and soon made himself so unpopular that the citizens determined upon a riot. A delegation called upon me and expressed their regret that they would be obliged to burn down my consulate this morning. I thanked them for their courtesy, and said that I was sorry I could not be on hand to enjoy the conflagration, as I should be in Shanghai to-day."

"Will you lose much, General?" inquired an interested listener

"Hardly. The prefect will be removed, and will also be compelled to pay me the value of everything injured, and a handsome sum, say $10,000, for the trouble of coming down here and spending a day or two."

How Secretary Wilson Studied in the Cornfield

The present Secretary of Agriculture when about fifteen years of age came to this country with his parents and settled in Connecticut, but soon removed to Iowa. Not long ago an old friend of Secretary Wilson wrote to him that in going over some old books a volume had come to light which bore upon the fly-leaf the autograph of one James Wilson, of Traer, Iowa. He forwarded the little sixteenmo volume and the Secretary recognized it as his old companion of thirty years ago.

"I remember," said Mr. Wilson, in referring to it, "that when I was first elected to the Legislature in Iowa I did not know so much about parliamentary procedure as I thought a Representative should in order to be useful to his constituents and at ease on the floor of the House. It behooved me to learn something about the rules of order, and to that end I sent for a copy of Cushing's Manual, that famous little book which has been indispensable to so many State and Federal legislators. This is the identical copy that I bought fully thirty years ago.

"The book reached me as it happened, just when we were busiest with the corn harvest. It was the custom in those days—and I suppose still is—for three men to accompany the wagon into which the ears of corn were thrown as gathered. One man walked on each side of the wagon and gathered the ears from two rows, while the third man went behind and gathered the corn from what was called the 'down row'—otherwise the row which was pressed down by the wagon body passing over it. In consideration of the fact that he had to stoop more or less to do his work his one row was held to be a fair third of the whole job.

"I could not stop work to study Cushing's Manual, and I had very little time to master it before the meeting of the Legislature. I thought I could work and study, perhaps, at the same time, the manual work being mechanical, so I took to myself the labor of the 'down row' and found I had some intervals of leisure while the other men were doing their two rows apiece. The book I fixed between the tail of the wagon and the iron rod which held its two sides together. I could take an eyeful of Cushing and digest it mentally while gathering the corn, a process which seems unfavorable to close study but which I found quite practicable. I got a pretty good idea of the manual, and when the Legislature met my knowledge of the rules was quite invaluable to me.

"It is hardly necessary," added the Secretary, "to point the moral of this story—he who runs may read; but the very obvious benefit I derived from utilizing those spare minutes in the cornfield taught me something of the value of time which I hope I have not forgotten. To be sure, one can't keep the bow bent all the time, the mind must relax occasionally or it will lose its elasticity; but it is undeniable that any man who is sufficiently in earnest about it may acquire much useful knowledge by employing the mere unconsidered moments that are generally wasted."

Three terms in all Mr. Wilson served in the Legislature of Iowa, and was Speaker of the House during the third. Later in life his fellow-citizens sent him to represent them in the wider field of the National Legislature

Calvé's Favorite Photograph

Of all the photographs made of Mme. Calvé none pleases the diva so much as that of herself as Ophelia in Hamlet, which rôle she will give for the first time in America this season

CALVÉ AS OPHELIA

One of the leading dealers in photographs of celebrities in New York is a woman—a French woman—and she is a friend of the great singer

"Please sell the Ophelia pictures this year," said Mme Calvé in French to her friend soon after she arrived here "It is my favorite."

"Why?"

"The public must be tired of seeing me all the time as Carmen—Carmen with a cigarette, Carmen in the ring, Carmen this and Carmen that! It must be very tiresome. I want to be seen as someboly else. Then," and the singer hesitated for a word, "it ees," she added, drawing on her very limited supply of English, "preety, eh?"

But the public have not tired of Carmen pictures. They are among the best sellers in the photograph trade. There are in New York, and all over the country, for that matter, hosts of young women who make a specialty of buying complete sets of Carmen pictures, arranged by years. Now that the Ophelia pictures have come they will probably go in sets, too. There is one peculiarity of these photographs, though They do not look like the Calvé the public knows. But they are "preety," and they are Calvé

The Famous Woman Who Wields a Baton

Miss Nellie Miles, a daughter of the late Lieutenant John Miles and a cousin of General Nelson A. Miles, directs and manages a full military band in Lynn, Massachusetts. She has just received an invitation and permit to exhibit her organization at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and has accepted the same. Every member of the band save its leader is a man, and the forty-five musicians of the company are devoted to their leader, and declare that "Captain Nellie" was born with a genius for military music. Charles Cook, the famous clarionetist of Queen Victoria's Grenadier Guards, was Miss Miles' grandfather, and her cousin, Robert William Wynne, was recently knighted for his musical and artistic services to his country.

When "Captain Nellie" first began leading the band her hearers often commented unpleasantly upon her being a woman and usurping the place of a man. One day she retorted: "You picture the genius of music, a woman; you carve the spirit of music, a woman; and in your poetry music is symbolized as a woman. It seems to me, therefore, that you can, if you try, find a logical reason for a woman leading a band."

"Captain Nellie" began her musical career at the age of seven, when she appeared in concert on the English stage Since then she has studied the piano, cornet, organ, xylophone, Swiss horn and the violin. Members of her company say that she can take any part in the band and make a success of it

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

The Kaiser as a Diplomat.—Howard Gould was talking not long ago to a friend about the visit of the Emperor of Germany to his yacht, the Niagara. "At first," said Mr Gould, "I wondered why the Emperor called. I thought it was because he was interested in yachts and wanted to see what we Americans could do in that line. But I got over that. He probably did have a little curiosity, but his chief reason was to set Germany right with the American people In honoring an American citizen he showed the world that the Fatherland and the United States were friends. That is more than Admiral Diedrich did at Manila, I take it."

"Oom Paul" on Lion Hunting.—"Oom Paul" Kruger, of the Transvaal, has a certain grim humor which reminds one of Irving's Knickerbockers. According to a visitor from Cape Town, he was speaking recently to some foreigners of the issue between his country and England, and closed his talk with a quaint metaphor.

"We Boers have hunted the African lion too long to fear the British one. It's one thing to meet the beast in his hunting veldt; it's very different when he comes in front of your window where you are standing with a loaded rifle."

A Mixed School Population.—Honorable Henry S. Townsend is Inspector-General of the Public Schools of the Hawaiian Islands. He served as delegate to the convention of the National Educational Association held at Los Angeles, California. In reference to the public school children of the new colony he says that Chinese, Japanese, Malay, English, Irish, Scotch, German, Polish, Russian, American and Kanaka make up the roster, and seem to be as happy together as if they were one big family. The only oddity in the situation is that after a spell they take on the picturesque outdoor habits of the natives, such as surf swimming, garland wearing and hill coasting

Built the Biggest Steamer.—J. K Brunel, the designer of the Great Eastern, must yield his pedestal to William J. Pirrie, whose leviathan, the steamship Oceanic, has proven so striking a nautical success. The new master shipbuilder is a native of Quebec, where he was born in 1849. He was raised and educated at Belfast, Ireland, where at the age of fifteen he entered the shipyards of Harland & Wooff. He showed remarkable aptitude, if not genius, for his calling, and rose rapidly from post to post until he became chief designer and practical head of the establishment His progress went hand in hand with that of the works. From a small house they grew into the largest in the world, employing 10,000 workmen and turning out 100,000 tons annually The Oceanic sails between New York and Liverpool

The IRONY of FATE

By VANCE THOMPSON

AS HE grew older, John Bredevick found that his mind dwelt more and more on the son he had lost. In the busier years of his life—years of hard toil and anxious money-getting—he had been able to shun these thoughts, but now in the evening of his life they crowded thick upon him As he sat by the open fireplace in the old house, smoking his pipe and staring at the sparkling log, it almost seemed to him that he heard the echo of a childish voice—Ned's baby voice—calling to him

He remembered the weeks of anguish that followed the loss of little Ned, the strange white face his wife lifted to his, the years of search and hope and despair—and then the years in which he had labored fiercely that he might forget—and in his old age he lived it all over again. Twenty years—it is a long time to nurse a wound in the heart

Had little Ned died it might have healed long ere this. Death is not the worst. With the very tears and flowers that fall upon the coffin of a little child there comes a sense of peace and security. Grief is for those who remain, not for the little one who has gone. He is safe—secure from all the dangers and difficulties of life. Had little Ned died, John Bredevick had not been an unhappy man as he sat in his old house waiting for his own summons to go

Ned was a hale little fellow, not quite five years old—still wearing his baby curls—when he disappeared. One afternoon he was playing on the lawn. It was a fine boyish game of war he played. A little terra-cotta Indian about six inches high was the General of the opposing forces, and Ned tracked him across the lawn, or ambushed him in the orchard, quite in Leatherstocking's best manner

All this afternoon Ned had waged desperate warfare with his small Indian As twilight began to fall his nurse went out to call him to his tea. Ned was not to be found He had vanished without leaving a trace

He was sought for everywhere Large rewards were offered, for even then John Bredevick was a rich man Scores of detectives with scores of theories overran the neighborhood Certain Hungarians, whom John Bredevick had discharged from his brickyard, were arrested. There was a rumor that they had been seen with a child, but nothing was proved and they were set free

In spite of all that love and wealth could do, little Ned was not found For years a reward was advertised in the newspapers, and many impostors came to claim it. At last the father lost hope He tried to believe his son was dead

At the foot of the Bredevick place the Hudson River ran, dark with many crimes and secrets. It was possible that little Ned, lured by some warlike adventure, had clambered to the high bluff that overlooked the river, fallen, and been swept seaward in the black rush of the evening tide. John Bredevick hoped so—prayed, even, that it might have been so. And yet always he was haunted by a fear that his son—a man now after twenty years—was alive, suffering, perhaps sinning, an outcast

He determined to make one more effort to learn the truth. Once again the cumbrous machinery of the police was set in motion. The newspapers in their divers fashions revived the half-forgotten mystery, and for a little while the country rang with it. The search was quite as futile as it had been twenty years before

One afternoon early in September a carriage drove up to John Bredevick's house.

Three men got out. One of them rang noisily. They were admitted by an old woman servant, and a few moments later were shown into the library where John Bredevick sat brooding by the fire

"Well," he asked, looking up, "what can I do for you?"

"I am Mr. Landemin," said one of his visitors, a fat man, white haired, sparkling with diamonds, "of Landemin & Dewham, of New York, lawyers."

"Yes," said John Bredevick, "and your friends"

"My name is, I dare say, all the credential I need," said Mr Landemin. "I have some information to give you—in regard to your son."

John Bredevick turned slowly and looked at the lawyer. There was eagerness in his eyes, and his old hands trembled.

"Sit down," he said

It was a moment before he spoke again

"I will hear you," he said at last, "but I have heard so many false reports—so many impostors have come to me"

"I have not come to deceive you," said Mr. Landemin, "you may be sure of that; my time can be better employed. This gentleman," he pointed to one of his companions "is my chief clerk, Mr. Gottheil."

He did not introduce the other visitor, a young man who had sunk into a chair in a dusky corner of the room

"You will remember," the lawyer went on, "that at the time of your son's disappearance ——

"His death," said John Bredevick

"His disappearance," the lawyer repeated with a slight emphasis. "At that time our firm was interested in the case. We have never lost interest in it. We have always looked upon it as unfinished business. To-day," he added with a smile at once bland and triumphant, "it is finished—finished business. Mr. Bredevick, I have found your son."

There was silence for a little while. The old man seemed wrapped in thought. It was as though his mind were busied with the disappointments of the last two decades, as though he were summoning all his skepticism and unbelief

"Explain yourself," he said, eying his visitors keenly

DRAWN BY FRANK C. PAPÉ

—IT ALMOST SEEMED TO HIM THAT HE HEARD THE ECHO OF A CHILDISH VOICE

"Our papers, Mr. Gottheil," said the lawyer; "thank you. And now, Mr. Bredevick, I will ask you to go back to the day your son was stolen."

"Stolen?"

"Of that there is no doubt"

Mr. Landemin drew his chair up closer to that of the old man and opened one of the papers his clerk had handed him.

"This," he said, "is an affidavit by one Michael Szomory. You know the name?"

"I do," said the old man. "He was a workman I discharged from my employ. He was arrested at the time and proved innocent."

"Beg pardon, he was not proved guilty," said Mr. Landemin, "and that is a very different thing. One moment This is his confession. It was signed and sworn to before the American Consul at Budapest. I will read it to you."

The affidavit read by the lawyer stated the facts briefly and clearly. Michael Szomory confessed that in a spirit of revenge he had stolen the child. He had hid him with friends until the first hue and cry was over, and then had returned to Hungary. The child accompanied him and passed as one of his own. When Ned was fifteen years of age he had immigrated to America with a party of Hungarians.

At this point Mr. Landemin unfolded other documents, in which the boy's life was traced from year to year, down to that very day; there were affidavits from the Hungarians in whose company he had come to New York, and who had known him as Michael Szomory's son; there were identifications by his employers, and, in fact, a complete legal history of the young man. John Bredevick listened to the recital as he had to many others. He saw the weak point at once

"The whole identification," he said, "rests upon the affidavit—I do not question its authenticity now—of Michael Szomory. Of course you did not get it for nothing. He would probably swear to anything for money. I cannot accept his statement without corroboration

"That is exactly what I said, Mr. Bredevick, exactly what I told Mr Gottheil here, when I sent him to Budapest. Corroboration, that's what you want, I told him, and," the lawyer added, rubbing his hands together, "we have it. Mr. Gottheil—— "

The clerk opened a handbag and drew out a child's blue dress, faded and old, a velvet cap, and a little pair of shoes; he handed them one by one to the old man. John Bredevick took them with a shaking hand. He stroked the folds of the faded dress, and peered with tear-dimmed eyes at the little shoes

"I cannot see very well," he said [illegible] I do not know if I can remember [illegible]

"shoes," said the lawyer, as though he were quoting from one of those half forgotten advertisements, "shoes, kid tops, laced, maker's name Peck, of Benhill-on-Hudson. The name is still legible

John Bredevick went to the window and opened the curtains. He stood for a little while examining the shoes, the cap, the queer little faded dress. Suddenly he turned sharply to the lawyers

"Tell me," he said, "where did you get these? The truth."

"My clerk here got them from Michael Szomory, in Budapest," said Mr. Landemin

"Yes," said Gottheil, "Szomory had kept them."

John Bredevick might have questioned evidence far more convincing, but these garments that his little son—his little Ned—had worn spoke straight to his heart. He could touch them; he could feel them; they were little Ned's. A wave of strength and youth swept through his old body, and his heart beat quick and fierce

"Where is he? Where?" he asked; "speak, man."

Mr. Landemin was smiling and exultant; he ran his fingers through his benevolent white hair

"Edward," he said

From the dusk of the corner a young man came slouching forward. He was thin and a trifle bent. His mouth was hidden by a ragged black mustache, and the eyes that looked out from under his black brows were quick and furtive. He was dressed decently in black, but his clothes sat ill upon him

"Father," he said, slouching forward, his watchful eyes glancing from the [illegible] old man and back again.

John Bredevick laid his hands on the young man's shoulders and looked long and hungrily into the dark young face upturned to his—a timid face, sad and evasive

"You are my son?"

"Father," the young man repeated—as a parrot cries a word; and then it seemed that something stirred in his mind, and without any will of his own a word sprang to his lips—"Daddy!"

That word—it had echoed in the old man's lonely heart for twenty years; he had heard it in his sleep and started up as though the dead had called him; he drew the young man to his breast, and kissed him, and wept and stammered out childish endearments and called him his little Ned—his Ned.

The lawyer and his clerk slipped quietly out of the room and the house. Their carriage was waiting, and they drove at once to the station. It was not until the train was bearing them back to New York that either of them spoke

"A good day's work," said the lawyer; "eh, Mr. Gottheil?"

"I told you he could do the trick," said the clerk; "he's a clever young fellow."

"But who told him to say 'Daddy'?"

"Upon my word, that was a lucky hit," said Mr. Gottheil, "and it was all his own. I never thought of it. A clever lad—he'll be a credit to the old man."

"Well, we've made $20,000," said Mr. Landemin cheerfully, "and when the old man dies a great deal more. There's not a flaw in the case. Best of all, he talks Hungarian. I suppose he is a Hunk."

"Oh, it's all right," replied the clerk, "and the beauty of it is, it's all true up to a certain point. The kid was stolen and was taken to Hungary, and did return to New York—up to that point I could go into court. It's a pity we lost trace of the young fellow from the time he reached this country."

"Pity?" said the lawyer. "You are very young, Mr. Gottheil, and it's a great mistake for one in our profession to be young. We should be born with gray heads—and hearts. If we had found the right Edward Bredevick what should we have gained? Merely the reward of $20,000. As it is, this young gentleman owes us his fortune—and I think he will have to pay it to us in time."

"Of course the young man is in your power."

"Decidedly," said Mr. Landemin. "I have made him and I can unmake him."

"A good day's work," said the clerk.

Mr. Landemin did not reply; he lit a cigar and smoked with the air of one who has done a generous action—to himself; the big diamond in his scarf sparkled like a good deed in a naughty world

"I am Mr. Landemin"

It was early in the morning. The young man who passed as Edward Bredevick came furtively out of the house. He had had no sleep. Until very late he had sat with the old man there in the darkened library, playing his part as best he could, though his brain was in a flutter and the heart in him shook like water

The story of his childhood—or of that childhood that was not his, but stolen—woke a sort of vague fear in him. And when he heard of the mother who had loved him and who had died of her heart broken love for him—her little Ned—he had found tears in his eyes. He could not analyze these feelings. These were chords that had never wakened in him before

What should he know of love and tenderness? Where could he have learned the meaning of the word mother? He remembered his childhood, the blows and misery of it, his vagabond life about the docks of New York, with its hunger and cruelty and crime—his whole sad life up to the day the lawyer had planned this crime for him.

After leaving the old man he had lain awake all night. The unusual thoughts, the unaccustomed stress of emotion, had set his troubled mind in a whirl. The only definite feeling he had was that of self-pity. For the first time he realized that he had an individual life—and the pity of it—that his life should have been so harsh and warped and miserable.

The old man's love had shocked him into a sudden self-knowledge. And he saw himself—the pity of it that he should be what he was! His mind hovered dimly over this thought as he walked to and fro in front of the house. Then of a sudden the thought that his old, sad life was over and done with thrust itself upon him.

He squared his shoulders, threw up his head and stared at the house—his house—his property. He laughed with an impostor's uneasy, silent laughter, and slouched around toward the back of the house. There was a small, stone piazza there, and steps leading up to the kitchen door. He was well acquainted with kitchen doors, and he laughed again as he recollected that his days for beggary were over. A woman came out to him

"It's that old woman, the nurse," he muttered; "as though I didn't get enough of her last night. She is the only one I am afraid 'll find me out."

The old woman feasted her eyes upon him and hugged him and petted him in a fervor of laughter and tears. He bore it with feigned indifference.

"Do you remember me? Do you remember me, Neddie—Neddie! Your old nurse—Neddiekins!"

"Liggy, old Liggy!" he cried, and yet it did not seem to be his voice—it did not seem to him that he had spoken—it was some one else speaking through his lips, and the voice came from very far, like an echo out of the ghostly years. He did not know how he broke away from the old nurse, he found himself in the orchard slinking fearfully from tree to tree like a hunted creature. He stopped and ran his hands across his forehead and his eyes.

"Lor'," he whispered, "am I goin' crazy? What'd I mean by sayin' that? 'Liggy! Liggy!' That's her name, yes. But how did I know? They must have told me last night. That kid's drivin' me crazy," he added.

Suddenly there was born in him a fierce hatred for the child whose place he had taken. He hated him and feared him.

"That's right," he said, "I'm goin' crazy. Why did I say that? An' why'd I say 'Daddy'? It come of itself, unless it was the ghost of that little feller."

It was broad daylight, and yet the fear of ghosts was upon him. His brain spun round on itself like a top, and buzzed with fear. He began to run wildly here and there. He felt that it was not he who was running, but that it was little Ned, this child that haunted him.

He ran to and fro as one who is driven. He was not his own master. In some dim, superstitious way he felt that the child whose name he had stolen was harrying him into madness; and he went on blindly. He crossed the orchard. The ground sloped up to the bluffs that overhung the river. He went up slowly as one who goes in his own despite. Where a great ledge of rock cropped out at the extreme edge of the bluff he dropped on his knees.

There was a crevice in the rock, and he began to tear away the thick and clotted grass that grew in it. He was breathing quick and hard. At last he made an opening and thrust his hand into the crevice. He drew forth a queer little object at which he stared with fixed eyes.

"Why, it's my little Indy," he cried, and again it did not seem to be his voice that spoke and he glanced nervously to right and left. Then his eyes fell again on the grim little figure of the Indian, that still had its old warlike air in spite of the years it had lain hid in that dark crevice.

"It must have been his—that little chap's," he muttered, "perhaps he played with it there in the orchard."

His imagination fumbled darkly with the problem. He felt as though in unearthing this plaything of the child of long ago he had been guilty of some great and shameful crime; it was as though he had opened a grave. Gently he laid the little figure back among the leaves and moss.

"His—it was that little chap's," he repeated; "poor little kid"

It was with a new air of thoughtfulness that he went back to the house

In the afternoon Eben Landemin came again to the house He entered the library smiling in his frankest manner He looked from father to son as one who should say, "And all this happiness is due to me"

"I hope the shock—great joy and all that—was not too much for you, Mr. Bredevick," he said, "but you have your son, you know."

"Yes, I have my son," said John Bredevick, but his voice was dull and sad, and he looked questioningly at the young man.

"And you are happy, Edward Bredevick?" the lawyer continued blandly; "ah, yes, you should be happy with such a father."

The young man kept his eyes on the floor

"I do not doubt he is my son," said John Bredevick, "but——"

"I understand," said the lawyer, "but what could you expect? Think of his unhappy life! All that will soon be blotted out and your son—the young gentleman—Edward Bredevick—will reappear. Eh, Edward?"

It was that "Eh, Edward," so blandly spoken, that stirred the young man to speech. It crystallized all the half-formed intentions that had floated in his mind all day. He stood up erect, bold with the air of one who has found himself.

"Mr. Bredevick," he said, "I ain't your son. It's all a lie! He put me up to it and hammered it into me——"

Silence!" shouted Landemin sharply.

Silence nothing—I'm talkin' now. It's all a trick; you're not my father any more than he is. We come to cheat you, and now I'm out of it—and that's a

John Bredevick's face had grown gray and hard; he tried to speak, but his lips would not shape the words. He stared at the young man with eyes like steel.

"If this young wretch has deceived me——" the lawyer began, but the old man paid no heed to him. "I'm sorry, sir."

"You are not my son—it is a trick——?"

"A lie," said the young man; "if I'd 'a' known it was to be like this I'd never tried it—he's been at me all day."

"He?"

"Yes, the kid—the real one—he's been talkin' to me all day. Here," he shouted fiercely, "let me out of this—I want to get away."

Sit down," John Bredevick said, "there—you hear me—sit down. As for you, Mr.——

"Evidently it will be better to discuss this another time," said Mr. Landemin; "if this young man is an impostor—mark the 'if'—he has deceived me and shall be punished for it, and I may say——"

"Go," cried the old man.

He waited until the door had closed behind the unperturbed lawyer, and then he turned to him he had called his son.

"This time you have told the truth?"

"Yes," said the young man gloomily. And then he told in a confused way how he had been picked up in the streets, how he had been coached for the part he was to play, how he had to repay his partners in the crime

It was not a clear story. It was not a complete one, but in the end he made the imposture plain. John Bredevick listened without asking a question or making a comment. His face was set and gray, and his eyes were implacable. He showed no hint of sorrow that he had lost a son. There was in his face only the bitterness of the man whose very soul has been the plaything of felons.

"Who are you?" he asked

"Nobody," the young man said. "You can see what my life has been."

"Why did you tell me?"

"I don't know; I had to"

"May God forgive you," said John Bredevick, "for He only knows how you have wronged me. You may go."

The young man who for a little while had been Edward Bredevick went out of the room broken and penitent. He was going back to his old hard life, to hunger and homelessness and the midnight streets, but there was a strange contentment in him. He had done the thing that is hardest of all to do; he had won a victory over himself. He would never again be quite the same, for his victory had made him stronger, franker, better. He stood for a moment glancing down the white road that led back to the city, that city out of which he had come, reckless and bitter, determined to steal a place of ease and love for himself. He was glad he had saved himself from the baseness and the lie

It was that kid that set me right," he murmured; "if it hadn't been for him I'd have done it"

How friendly the old house seemed now that he was his own true man, and not the thief of another's name The old trees on the lawn, the orchard and the green hill wore an aspect of unwonted familiarity

"I've only been here a few hours, and it seems as if I'd known them always," he said

He crossed the orchard and ran lightly up the hill to the cave where the little Indian lay ambushed among the dead leaves. He drew the little red figure forth and looked at it long and musingly. "It's my little Indy," he said dreamily, "and we were playing—yes, and the little Indy hid himself, and I was looking for him, when Liggy called me and, yes, and that man seized—oh!" He started up with a wild cry for help, for he felt a hand on his shoulder and for the moment he was once again a timid child seized by rough men.

"Daddy," he wailed, "save me, save me!"

And he fell into the outstretched arms of the old man, who held him close and whispered, "You are my boy, my own boy, Ned; I knew it, my son, my son!"

Parnell and the Wrong Healy

THE presence of John E Redmond, Member of Parliament from Waterford, Ireland, in this country to plead the cause of the Irish party and to enlist financial aid for the erection of a Parnell statue, brings him once more prominently before the American people.

"After the split in the Irish party," said Mr. Redmond the other day, "Parnell tried to secure the cooperation of Tim Healy, Member of Parliament from the County of Louth On one occasion a Parnell meeting was arranged to be held at Roscommon and Healy had been invited to be present The committee, however, was not sure of him, as the meeting was set for an early hour in the afternoon. Within half an hour of the time Parnell received the following telegram

"Am detained. Hold the meeting off for three hours and I will be present. HEALY."

"The meeting was postponed as requested, and as Roscommon was a Healy town by family ties and political predilections, the committee made special arrangements for Mr. Healy's arrival. When the train rolled into the station bands of music were waiting, and an escort headed by Parnell himself waited on the platform. After a moment's delay the train started again, but among the passengers who alighted Mr. Healy could not be found. Just as the delegation headed back for the town, a tall, fresh faced man rushed up to Parnell and grasped his hand

"'I'm here,' he said. 'You've held the meeting off for me, I suppose'

"'We postponed the meeting,' returned the Irish leader with frigid politeness, 'for Mr. Timothy Michael Healy, of the County of Louth.'

"'That's all right. I'm not Tim Healy. I'm only Bill Healy, of the Irish Times. If I'd got beaten on this Parnell meeting I'd been fired, so I wired. I suppose,' he added, 'you're a bit annoyed because I'm not a Member of Parliament.'

"'Well, Healy,' returned Parnell, 'I am, a little, but I must admit that if you were a member you would make a good one.'"

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A Lay Inquisition

IT MAY be seriously questioned whether, in certain important respects, there is not less liberty in this country than in other countries living under governments far less liberal than ours. For liberty is not simply and exclusively a question of self government; it is chiefly a question of freedom in ordering one's life according to one's tastes. If men who are elected by universal suffrage exercised their power in an arbitrary fashion the tyranny would not be less because it rested on a popular vote. As a matter of history, some of the most oppressive governments which have tormented society have been democratic in form. A democratic tyranny is, in many ways, the most intolerable form of oppression.

In this country we are in danger of losing one of those rights without which life is not worth living—the right of privacy. The whole country is one vast neighborhood in its friendliness and helpfulness; that is one of the most beautiful aspects of American life. It is assumed that if any community on the Pacific slope meets with disaster the Atlantic seaboard is going to be deeply interested and ready to help; and that if any section of the South is lever-smitten the far West will sympathize and aid. This general neighborliness involves personal interest in representative people everywhere, and easy access to them; and this also is wholesome and human. But it is further assumed by many people, and especially by many newspapers, that representative men and women belong to the public, and that there is something undemocratic in any assertion of the right to keep one's private affairs out of the range of public inspection. This is not only wholly false, but it is fast accustoming the country to a kind of tyranny which is worse than centralized authority.

No form of oppression is more undemocratic and detestable than newspaper inquisition into private affairs. The persistent determination of the sensational journals to tear away all the safeguards of domestic privacy is the most vulgar tyranny to which society has yet fallen a victim. Good men are as much oppressed by it as men of evil ways; the more useful a man to his kind, if his service takes on a striking form, the keener the chase to discover and spread before the public the little details of his daily life. Nothing is sacred to those sensation hunters; no experience is intimate enough to be private in their eyes. There must have been times in recent months which made Admiral Dewey regret that he won the battle of Manila. Reputation is of doubtful value when it involves a perpetual struggle to preserve the right to pull one's shades down. If matters are not mended we shall need a popular arising for the protection of the elemental right: the right of privacy. —HAMILTON W. MABIE.

When riches buy office everybody is cheated

Chocking the Chariot of Destiny

IN THE good old days of mud roads and "Pennsylvania wagons," when a journey of a hundred miles was a thing to be thought of and prepared for long beforehand, and when fifteen miles measured a most extended day's travel, the jolly teamsters, in going up the steep hills, frequently stopped their horses and chocked their wagons for a breathing spell. That was a primitive way of expressing a great elementary need of life. What is but a light load on level ground may be a very heavy one when we undertake to drag it uphill. Great effort rapidly exhausts the reservoirs of stored power, and the strain must be frequently relieved by a halt and a chock. A little rest, a few deep breaths, a while in which the diffused nerve-forces return to the exhausted centres of vitality, and then we are ready for another pull.

Biologists have discovered that the waste of life is necessary to longevity—a paradoxical proposition—and that living is but a process of continuous rejuvenation, while rejuvenation itself is the result of death. Work, in other words, is war by which life is destroyed; and rest is peace in which new life is accumulated. A long, strenuous, wasteful effort must be followed by a season of quiet, acquisitive economy, during which all the destructive forces sleep and all the upbuilding energies serenely perform their functions, unhindered by any great purpose or passion. And it is just as true of mankind as of the man, that there must be herculean labors by which the body shall exhaust its old tissues in order that life may be renewed. The various forms of death—violent, lingering, sudden, by old age, in infancy, in maturity, by accident or in battle, make up the sum total of waste in the great animal that we call the world.

Nations are but individuals; they must grow, as a man grows, by waste and renewal. They must have their exhausting labors, their tremendous uphill strains of effort; they must throw off effete matter without stint; they must spill degenerate blood—history is but a record of this, and of the rest that follows. War is the giant's exercise, peace is his recuperative nap on the hillside in the sun. Beginning with our revered Bible and our venerable Homer, we may come down the world's ages as down a stairway, stepping from war to peace and from peace to war, until we reach the level of what Britain is doing to the Boer. We have just felt a slight tug of war. With what effect? No matter what our political convictions or preferences may be, we are unmistakably aware of a mighty national exhilaration after the little war effort. Something like a great capacity for refreshment has been opened in us; we have flung off an accumulation of hindering matter slowly stored in our national blood during a long season of purely sedentary pursuits. A little stormy action has worked a wonder in us. Come what may, we have begun the ascent of another hill. Here and there we may halt and chock a wheel for a moment's breathing spell; but no power, internal or external, can prevent us from reaching the top and looking over into the next great area of rest and renewal, accumulation and growth. We are wasting tissue now; we are reveling in mighty exertion; the waiting world knows not the tremendous reserve of our power. It is exhilarating to feel the nation's muscles expand and harden. Here again is a return of the heroic form and force. Up the hill we go to view another Land of Canaan; we must not chock at the wrong moment; the peak must be conquered before we make a permanent stop for rest. Patriotism is but another name for growth; it is but a mode of motion toward the consummation of national stature, a part of the sweep upward and onward to that

"Far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Prosperity may be as thick as a flock of blackbirds, but a man must hit to get some of the game.

Good Conduct and School Study

IN THE fine impetus given in recent years to the study of the natural sciences in our schools it is a pity that ethics has been so neglected. We find our infant classes happily acquiring information in primary botany, geology and zoology; with pictures, diagrams, specimens and all manner of experiment and practical illustration. The young idea, shooting rapidly under this congenial instruction, begins to get a logical grasp of the working plans of life—plant life and animal life—and shows great facility and pleasure therein. Why do we not, at this impressionable age, begin with the first principles of ethics, and make the working laws of human conduct as plain as those of physiology?

There are several good reasons. It is a palpable fact that one cannot teach what one does not know, and we have not yet reduced this most important science to a simple and provable ground. But even what we do know we are shy of teaching scientifically lest it conflict with two other venerable institutions, the Home and the Church.

Part of his ethics the child is taught at home—most unscientifically; and if he received better instruction at school there might be a conflict of opinion producing unpleasant results. But our main trouble is that we have for so long confounded ethics with religion, based conduct on dogma, and feared to teach right conduct lest we find ourselves involved in doctrinal disputes. It is time this confusion were cleared up. Courage, truth, justice, honesty, self-control, kindness, cheerfulness, courtesy—these are public duties quite irrelevant to any religious doctrine, and they may be taught to children on sound natural grounds, as easily provable as an example in arithmetic.

The law of social consequences is easy to follow, and open to the most vivid illustration. The great arts of painting and literature are at hand to help; history, fiction and daily life teem with examples, and the field of practice is at our feet.

An eager, intelligent child can learn so abstract and senseless a game as English spelling; not only learn it, but learn an undying sense of pride in good spelling, shame at bad spelling, and scorn for those who cannot spell. How much more readily could the child be taught the concrete and practical science of conduct; learn the virtues of his day and generation, not only in glib and fluent recitation but in daily practice; and learn also and as easily the natural pride of one who stands well in his class, and the natural contempt for the booby in ethics.

So, reading of some great civic villain, he will consider the perpetrator not as a clever person, but as a vulgar person who was never taught his ethics—who doesn't know enough to behave well! —CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

Speculation is a short cut to wealth for the few, the broad road to destruction for the many.

Our Nineteenth-Century Kings

LABOR has bewailed so many of its wrongs and demanded so many of its rights that it enjoys conditions now which were impossible a hundred years ago. There is work for all in this country if the workers will go into the farming districts to take it; housing and food are constantly improving, even in city tenements, where so many prefer to live; pay has much increased for the least skilled of labor, so that stronger, cleaner, better-fitting dress is available, and better home surroundings are to be secured by hod-carriers than men who lay brick could buy fifty years ago. If we take a wider sweep of time, the advantages of choosing this day to be born in are still more evident, for the mechanic of the present is better off in many respects than a King was in the Middle Ages. He has not so many ways of scaring himself as people had in a superstitious age; he dresses without beauty or distinction, but his clothes are warm, cheap and [illegible]; he has sanitary appliances in his flat which the King never heard of, and for lack of them often sickened and saw his children die; and in the variety of his food he again has the better of the King. Great ones in the old days filled themselves with meat and fruit and bad bread. The mechanic and the clerk of this day have meat in moderation; they can make a wide choice of vegetables; they have tropical fruits on their tables; they drink tea, cocoa and coffee.

The mechanic knows more about history, science and literature than the King ever did; he keeps warmer in winter and cooler in summer; he takes ice and the papers; he uses the telegraph, the telephone, kerosene, electric light, steamboats, steam and electric cars; he has protection from savagery and oppression; schools are free for his children; he can go to concerts and lectures; he can buy a book for a dime.

Yet the discontent that is a factor in progress is brewing still, and the man who works with his hands is constantly demanding concessions of pay and time and authority over his associates. Whatever he may get in pay, there is a reason for demanding hours that do not strain vitality to the limit. One can shape his way of life to his income, but one cannot shape his life to hours that exhaust him, for then he has no life left to shape. Employers are beginning to appreciate this. They know that horses work better for a day of rest every week, and will not always refuse to see that men and women are equally the better for a day of liberty, or for the liberty of certain hours in every day. Hours average shorter than they did, and there is need that it should be so, as nowadays men work in crowds, in great shops and factories, where their nerves are shaken by jar and noise, where their lungs are filled with dust and gas and smoke, and where the monotony is maddening.

The best argument against excessive hours is that they produce so little. When a man has a certain amount of work to do, and knows that he has the whole day in which to do it, he will spend the day at his task, though he might do it in two hours less if he knew that he was to be free at the end of that time. Moreover, there comes a moment in the day's toil when it is no longer possible to maintain an interest in work. The mind is tired, as the body is. The thought rambles elsewhere, and the only wish is to lay aside the chisel or the pick, to stop the loom, to close the sewing-machine, and take a little of the pleasure that is as much a human right as breathing. Work done in that time of unwillingness and strain is poorly done, and of little profit to employer or employed. Better by far to have the work sound, strong and from steady hands, than from one who is too jaded to know whether it is well done or to care whether it is done at all. Especially is this the case with headwork, for a tired mind soon discloses itself in a product practically worthless.

The worker must have not merely time to sleep and eat, but an hour in which to idle, to think, to play, to forget himself, to be with his friends, his family, for such an hour is the only one in which he really lives. It is notorious that in the lower ranks of labor such a thing as conscientiousness or interested work is almost unknown. The man who uses a broom or pick or shovel, or pulls and lifts at burdens, has but one thought, and that is to do as little as he may and get as much as he can. He goes and comes without care for the people who employ him, without once thinking how much or little his share in the day's labor may affect their prosperity and business permanence. It is not too early to suggest that employers do a good to themselves as well as a service to their men when they show an interest in their working force. It often wins a return. Moderate hours are a first requirement, and some personal oversight of needs is not amiss. Something of this reform has been begun by shopkeepers, who have provided restaurants for their employees, where they can buy food at cost price, and have fitted up rooms in which during their hours of liberty they may read and chat and play games. The right of the laborer to more of himself than he usually gets must be conceded, and that labor will be best done that is performed not only in the expectation of pay, but because of a friendly interest and thankful spirit. —CHARLES M. SKINNER

At the American Capital

Cold rains and wintry days are here. The new Congress is in session, and both Houses are completing their organization. The opening of a session always attracts a horde of visitors. The other day a delegation of Redmen from Montana were among those appearing in the galleries. In the number was a Flathead from the Jocko Reservation. His appearance recalled a startling incident in the history of the relations of the Government with the Indian tribes. Before the War for the Union the Flatheads held a reservation in the Bitter Root Valley in Montana. When General Price was driven from Missouri, in 1861, the terms of the six months' militia who were with him expired. They returned to their homes, but not to stay. The Union men arose against them and they disappeared. A few of them found their way to the Bitter Root Valley and squatted upon the Flathead Reservation. A century ago the word Flathead had a significance now lost. The skulls of the infants are no longer compressed

Victor was their hereditary chief at the close of the war. There was some trouble in the valley when the Missourians appeared. It was settled by a treaty between Governor Stephens, of Montana, and Victor. In 1872 Charlot, Victor's son, became hereditary chief. The trouble was renewed. It was in this year that Horace Greeley became a candidate for President. General James A. Garfield exhibited a Greeley tendency, and his friends were greatly pleased when, to escape political complications, he gladly accepted a mission to the Flatheads. He went to the valley of the Bitter Root, said to be the most beautiful valley in the Northwest. The soil is extremely fertile. The streams are as clear as crystal and filled with trout, and its trees are tall pines with a bright red bark. General Garfield's object was to induce the Indians to go over to the Jocko Reservation, twenty-five miles away. After several days spent in parleying, two sub-chiefs, Arlee and Adolf, signed a treaty by which they agreed to leave the Bitter Root and go over to the Jocko. From 1200 to 1500 men followed Arlee and Adolf to the new reservation. Arlee became their chief. The Government built houses for him and for Adolf, and gave the Indians several bunches of cattle. Charlot, with 360 of the tribe, remained in the Bitter Root Valley. A few of these Indians were induced to take their lands in severalty, received their patents, and are now living with the whites on the reservation. Charlot and most of his band refused to accept patents, and resolved to remain in the valley. In 1873 the Garfield treaty was published in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, General Francis A. Walker The treaty was printed in full, with a fac-simile of the signatures of the chiefs, including the mark of Charlot. This treaty purported to be witnessed by Governor Potts, Wilbur F Sanders, William H. Clagett, D G. Swaim, Judge-Advocate U. S A., and F. J. A. Viall, Indian Agent. Sanders was afterward a United States Senator

The trouble between Charlot and the whites continued until the chief was driven to the mountains, where he prepared to open war on the Government. This was during President Arthur's Administration. The present Senator Teller was then Secretary of the Interior. The trouble gave him some concern. Senator George G. Vest, a member of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, about this time was invited by General Sheridan to go with him through the Yellowstone country on his annual tour of inspection

About this time the Senate ordered the Committee on Indian Affairs to visit the Indians in Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas, and make a report as to their condition and grievances. Senators Dawes and Logan were chosen to go to the Sioux Reservation, where Sitting Bull was making trouble. Mr. Teller urged Mr. Vest, who was also a member of the committee, to go to Montana, requesting him to visit the Flatheads and if possible induce Charlot and his adherents to join the rest of the tribe on the Jocko Reservation.

After procuring a copy of the Walker report, the Senator started on his journey. He visited the Flatheads on the Jocko and found them entirely willing to accept Charlot as their hereditary chief. He next went to the St. Mary's Mission, at the head of the Bitter Root Valley. Indian Agent Peter Ronan and Martin Maginnis, a delegate from Montana to Congress, accompanied him. On arriving at the little village of Stephensville, where the mission was located, it was learned that Charlot and his band were in the mountains St. Mary's is a mission of Jesuits. Its head at that time was Father Ravalli, a disciple of Father DeSmet. He had been with the Flatheads fifty-one years. His lower extremities were paralyzed, and he had been unable to walk for five years. The good Father lay in his cell beneath a crucifix, performing surgical operations and prescribing for the Indians. He was an accomplished surgeon and physician.

This remarkable man had been scalped by the Blackfeet some years before this, when they burned St. Mary's. He had been left for dead, but crawled into a cañon, where he was secretly fed by a squaw for more than three weeks He had saved the life of her papoose by performing the operation of tracheotomy for croup. Father Ravalli, at Senator Vest's instance, sent out runners to Charlot, asking him to leave the mountains and come to the mission with five of his principal men, guaranteeing him against arrest or molestation. Charlot appeared on the following day. It was agreed that five whites and five Indians should have a talk over the troubles. They were to meet without arms or means of offense or defense.

The interview was very stormy. The Senator found Charlot exceedingly obstinate, and determined not to leave the Bitter Root Valley. He showed Charlot a copy of the treaty as printed in Commissioner Walker's report, with Charlot's mark attached, and charged him with violating his agreement in refusing to leave the valley. This touched Charlot to the quick. Springing to his feet and pulling off his ragged woolen hat, he dashed it to the floor, and planting his foot on it, said

"Now you have your foot on my neck; but your people did not talk this way when they passed through my country on their way to California. We had many warriors then, and could have killed many of the whites. But there is not a drop of your blood on the hands of my people. When Joseph, the Nez Percé, marched through our reservation, although the Nez Percés were our relatives, I made my warriors march on either side of them, and told Joseph if he spilled a drop of white blood we would attack him at once Now you threaten to tie me on my pony like a bag of meal, but," he shouted, drawing himself to his full height and looking the Senator square in the eye, "you can take me dead, but never alive! I have heard before of this treaty which you have printed in the book, and that my name was signed to it, but I never signed it! Never!" he repeated with emphasis. "And he," pointing to Father Ravalli's cell, "was there when the treaty was made, and he knows that I speak the truth. Your Great Father, Garfield, put my name to a paper which I never signed How can I believe you or any white man after the way I have been treated?"

Senator Vest was so much impressed with Charlot's statement and manner that he turned to his companions and suggested a recess. It was evident that he believed Charlot's statement, notwithstanding the asseverations and denunciations he had heard from the settlers.

He directed Captain Campbell, chief of scouts at Fort Custer, who had been sent with him by General Sheridan, to take the Indians up to the village tavern and give them a good dinner and to have them brought back to the mission at two o'clock

Then the Senator entered Father Ravalli's cell. After stating what had occurred, he asked the priest if Charlot had signed the Garfield treaty. The Father replied that he had heard of the published treaty, but had never discussed the matter with anybody, as he did not wish to be involved in difficulty with the Government or with any of its officials. Senator Vest told him the time had come when the truth must be made known, and insisted that it was his duty to state the facts so that an Indian war might be averted. Such a war would, of course, result in the entire destruction of Charlot and his handful of followers. After much hesitation, Father Ravalli finally said, pointing to the crucifix above him

I shall in a very short time be with Him who died upon the Cross, and I must speak the truth. Charlot did not sign that treaty, and I do not believe that President Garfield ever reported that he did."

When the Indians returned to the mission at two o'clock the Senator asked Charlot whether he would not like to visit Washington and have a talk with the Great Father. After consultation, Charlot finally replied that if the agent and the interpreter could go with him he would like to see the Great Father and have a talk with him

On his return to Washington Senator Vest went to see Secretary Teller. He asked him to have the original treaty and the original copy of Garfield's report hunted up. When this was done it was found that Charlot had not put his X to the treaty, and that Garfield had not reported that he did He simply said in his report that the second and third chiefs, Arlee and Adolf, had signed the treaty, but that Charlot had refused, although he might be induced to sign it afterward Wilbur F. Sanders, one of the witnesses, also said that he never saw Charlot sign the treaty

At Senator Vest's request, Secretary Teller had Charlot and his companions brought to Washington, accompanied by the agent and the interpreter. In an interview with Secretary Teller and the President, Charlot absolutely refused to leave the Bitter Root Valley, where he said he was born and where the bones of his fathers rested The President and the Secretary were nonplussed, and the Senator somewhat disheartened

Some days afterward, however, Mr. Ronan, the Indian Agent, came to Senator Vest and said that he believed there was one way in which Charlot could be induced to join his tribe on the Jocko Reservation. He said that the old chief was almost blind; he was passionately fond of hunting, and could no longer enjoy it

"If," added the agent, "his eyesight can be even partially restored, I believe he would join his people on the Jocko."

The Senator placed the suggestion before Secretary Teller and was authorized to employ an oculist. Doctor Marmion, a well known specialist, made an examination and reported that Charlot had a cataract on each eye, but that he could remove the trouble by an operation. The Senator impressed upon the physician the importance of making no mistake in the matter. If the operation proved unsuccessful every Indian in the Bitter Root Valley would believe that Charlot had been brought to Washington for the purpose of destroying his eyesight. The chief was put under a prescribed regimen for two weeks, when the operation was successfully performed and the cataracts removed. Ten days afterward the bandages were taken from his eyes. At first Charlot [illegible] Soon, however, his face brightened Senator Vest was standing in front of him. When asked what he saw he replied

"I see the man with the scar between his eyes"

This referred to an almost imperceptible scar on Senator Vest's face, caused by a wound received when a child, while learning to walk. Even the Senator's most intimate friends would never notice it

Charlot seemed pleased with the result of his treatment, and is now living on the Jocko Reservation as the hereditary chief of his tribe, where Arlee and Adolf officiate as assistants

But who added Charlot's name to the treaty before it was printed? When, where, and why? And are the Flatheads the only tribe receiving such treatment?—AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

THE GOLDEN HOUR

By MADISON CAWEIN

SHE comes, the rosy daughter
Of day and darkness, who,
O'er twilight's glimmering water
Lifts up her moon of dew
Like some meek maiden at the well,
Who fills her jar of pearly shell,
Down dewy ways of dale and dell
Dusk comes with dreams of you,
Of you,
Dusk comes with dreams of you.

She comes, the serious sister
Of all the stars that strew
The deeps of God, and gluster
Gold in the darkling blue.
Like some sweet girl, who heaps her smock
With wilding blossoms of the rock,
Down starlit paths where shadows flock
Dusk comes with dreams of you,
Of you
Dusk comes with dreams of you

She comes, and soft winds greet her,
And all cool odors woo.
She is the words and meter
They set their music to
Like some dim damsel, slim and fair,
Who wakes a silvery dulcimer,
Down sighing slopes of earth and air
Dusk comes with dreams of you,
Of you
Dusk comes with dreams of you

The Desperado
A True Story
By Cy Warman

THE slanting shafts of the setting sun glanced along the level pools, and gilded the ripples and shimmering shoals of the quiet river—the Green River—that lay along the edge of the Adobe desert, like a band of braid at the bottom of a woman's skirt. A moment later the red sun dropped behind the Wahsatch Mountains and the day was snuffed out like a candle.

Suddenly, now, a great black cloud shoved its shoulders up over the hills behind which the sun sank. With majestic swiftness it lifted its head, spread out its dark wings, shadowed the waste, and filled the wild cañons with awful gloom. Far out toward the foothills the unshod feet of a mountain cayuse were beating the hard face of the desert, urged on by the cruel spurs of his pitiless master. For more than six hours the horse and rider had been simmering in the summer sun, and now they welcomed the shadows, ducked their heads, and dived in under the cloud, the horse eager for the cool, and the rider for the cover of night.

Across the desert another rider is urging his steed of steel, his pilot pointing into the storm swept night. In a darkened day coach, behind the little locomotive, a United States Marshal and his deputies sit staring at the storm into which the daring driver is about to plunge. Now the rain begins to beat upon the windows. A moment later it is falling furiously, roaring upon the roof of the cab and blurring the headlight. The iron horse and the cayuse are running neck and neck now. Both riders know that they are nearing the river, and so slacken their speed. As the cayuse comes to the water's edge he braces his feet and stops short. The rider's first impulse is to dismount, abandon his horse, and find the railroad bridge, which he knows must be near at hand, but glancing back he sees the light of the locomotive and changes his mind.

Just over the river stands Green River station, with its water-tank, where the iron horse will stop to drink. If the lone rider can reach the station before the train leaves he can leave the country which he does not like. As the locomotive comes nosing cautiously up to the bridge the horseman drives his spurs into the cayuse, and the foaming animal plunges into the roaring river. The swift current carries him downstream, and the engineer's headlight shines full upon him as he is swept under the bridge.

Beyond the bridge the engine is stopped and the occupants of the dark car come out to look for the man and horse. Long before they reach the river bank below the bridge, however, the little cayuse has touched land, leaped upon the level bank and galloped up to the station.

While the men were still searching for him along the river, the weary traveler learned from the agent that the regular train had passed, that the train at the bridge was a special, that it would not be likely to stop at the tank, and if it did it would not take passengers.

And so, being weary and not wishing to be seen, the traveler tethered his tired horse at the rear of the hotel, secured a room and retired.

Presently the key began calling the agent at Green River, and when he hearkened it told him of a tragedy that had occurred at Coyote on the morning of that day. A lone desperado had taken the town, robbed the station, killed the operator (who was the agent also), stolen a horse, and escaped. A special with a United States Marshal had gone down the road to look for the murderer. The description that the new operator had gotten from the frightened people led the agent at Green River to believe that the desperado had been there but a moment before. When the special pulled up to the station and stopped, the agent told the Marshal of the arrival of the stranger.

That's our man," said the Marshal, and he immediately surrounded the little wooden hotel, which was called the Palmer House. Then, having secured the number of the stranger's room, the Marshal and one of his men went up.

They tried the door; it was locked. They knocked, and the man said, "Come in." The Marshal said he could not, and asked the occupant of the room to come out; and the man answered, "Wait till I get my boots on," for he loathed to die half dressed.

Suddenly the door flew open and the hunted man leaped into the hall. Before the Marshal or his deputy could raise a hand, the desperate man began unloading a couple of rapid-firing six-shooters in the narrow hallway. The two officers retreated, for the first shot had jarred the hanging hall lamp out and left them in the dark. Covered by his own smoke, the desperado followed the men down the stairs, and before he had been missed he was already over the back fence mounting his horse. The horse was shot down by one of the posse, and the desperado was compelled to foot it.

Leaving the desert lands, he headed for the cañon, and at dawn rested where the trail touched the Green River. Here he found a brush hut, a sheep-herder, and a rude row boat on the banks of the swollen stream.

"Ferry me over," said the stranger, as the shepherd came yawning from his hut.

"Not for your fleece, my buck-sheep," said the boatman; "yon river's dangerous."

"So's this," said the man, flourishing his firearms. "Ferry me over P. D. Q."

When the boat had reached the middle of the wild river the desperado brought his gun out again and ordered the boatman to head her downstream, pointing out the way with his loaded revolver. The terrified sheepman tried to tell the fugitive that the river was impassable, even at low water—that a little way down the Grand joined the Green, and the two, forming the Colorado, went leaping, plunging, boiling and churning through the Cataract Cañon, through which (the Indians said) no white man had passed and lived. The hunted man only smiled and twirled his pistol.

The two men would dash through wild cataracts, over white foaming falls, and the next hour their frail boat would be drifting silently between the softly shaded walls that gave back, in echo, the faintest ripple of water, or the almost whispered words, few and low, that passed between the two voyagers.

Suddenly they found themselves in the cañon, driving down the raging stream. Going over falls the boat was driven against a boulder near the shore. So violent had been the shock that both men were cast upon a shelf in the curve of the river unhurt.

—THROUGH WILD CATARACTS, OVER WHITE FOAMING FALLS

The walls here rose thousands of feet almost perpendicularly. As the river touched the wall above and below there was no escape. The little resting-place on which the two men found themselves was filled with drift wood. Hanging to the rock that had wrecked them was a long rope that had been in the boat; this the desperado fished out.

"We'll build a raft," said the outlaw. He made the sheepman carry cedar logs, limbless and scarred, cross-ties and pieces of bridge timber that had drifted for hundreds of miles down the mad river, and were gnawed like the hitching post in front of a country church.

When he had lashed a lot of these together he told the sheepman to get aboard, and the sheepman said he'd die first.

"All right," said the smiling villain, and the wild report of his revolver filled the cañon, and went on and out through side cañons, thundering its echoes back to the two men there in the awful gorge. The bullet whirred past the shepherd's ear.

Once more on the breast of the boiling stream the men, now on the rude raft were tempting fate. They lay flat down, hanging to the ropes, sometimes beneath, sometimes far above the mad torrent; leaping from the crest of high falls, shooting rapids and capering over awful cataracts. At the end of an hour they emerged from the narrow cañon and entered a long stretch of deep green water, slowly moving, sun kissed and quiet. So still seemed the beautiful river that they were obliged to take markers on the shore to see if they really moved. Far away, at the end of the stretch of peaceful water, the river seemed to end. Across its path a wall rose, red and high. The water, running over, and flowing down the face of the cliff, had streaked and striped the red sandstone until it looked in the sunlight like a beautiful piece of tapestry, and the desperado called it Tapestry Wall, and so it has been called ever since.

The river, however, did not end here. Swinging in a long, graceful curve, growing swifter and swifter, it sucked into a narrow pass and became a raging, frothing cataract.

For some moments they saw nothing and heard only the awful tumult of the boiling river, and then with a slam the raft hung upon a big rock that split the current near the middle of the stream.

When the shepherd had wiped the spray from his eyes he saw that he was alone. The force of the shock had thrown his companion into the water. He had landed, and now came limping along the bank of the river.

The desperado smiled out over the foam at the helpless shepherd, who began to hope that the fellow would shoot him and end the awful suspense, but the fearless outlaw did nothing of the sort. To the shepherd's amazement, the man on shore—safe and free from the mad river—began to undress. When he had stacked his wet garments on a rock he walked a few rods along the bank and plunged in. Midway between the rock and the shore there was a whirlpool—a suck hole, as the shepherd said—and it was to avoid this that the man had gone so far upstream. He was an expert swimmer, but he was weakened from overwork and the long fast, and so the current proved too strong for him. It carried him past the shepherd, and suddenly his feet pointed to the suck. Round and round, faster and faster, as he came at each turn nearer the neck of the funnel, the doomed man whirled, while the shepherd looked on, powerless.

As he drew near the fatal centre the force of the water stood him up; he waved his hand, smiled at the shepherd, and shot down to the bottom of the foaming river.

Knowing that to remain there was to perish, the shepherd succeeded in reaching the shore. Half starved he reached the cabin of a miner who was washing gold in the cañon of the Colorado. There we found him—a white-haired young man—while on our way to the San Juan goldfields in 1893, and from his own lips heard this story.

The Captain of the Main top

Midshipman JARVIS on the Constellation

By George Gibbs

JAMES JARVIS was one of the "young gentlemen" on the Constellation during the war with France. "Young gentlemen" was what the midshipmen were called in the old naval service, and Jarvis was the youngest of them all, being just thirteen at the time of the action with the Vengeance.

He was the smallest officer aboard, and his most important duties were those of passing the word from the quarter deck forward, and taking his station aloft in the maintop, where he was learning the mysteries of the maze of gear which went through the lubber's hole or belayed in the top. He also stood at quarters with his diminutive sword drawn, a smaller edition of the Lieutenants who were allowed to wear one epaulet and who could make a louder noise through the speaking trumpet than Jarvis could hope to for years.

Down in the midshipmen's mess, by virtue of his diminutive stature and tender years he was not much interfered with by Wederstrandt, Henry, Vandyke, and the bigger men. But he fought one or two of the young gentlemen nearer his age, and though frequently defeated, stood up as strongly as possible for what he deemed his rights. He was a manly little reefer, and up in the maintop, where he was stationed in time of action, the men swore by him. He was sensible enough not to give any orders without the professional opinion of one of the old jackies, who always ventured it with a touch of the cap, a respectful "Sir," and perhaps a half-concealed smile which was more of interest than amusement. Thirteen was rather a tender age at which to command men of fifty, but the midshipmen of those days were not ordinary boys; they went out from their comfortable homes aboard ships where men were even rougher and less well disciplined than they are to day, and they had either to sink or swim. It was Spartan treatment, but a year of it made men and sailors of them.

The greatest, and probably the only regret of Midshipman Jarvis' short life was that he had not joined the great frigate before she had met and defeated the Insurgente the year before. He wanted to be in a great action. Nothing seemed to make him feel more of a man than when the long eighteen pounders were fired in broadside at target practice. If he had been but a boy, instead of an officer with a gold-laced cap and a dirk and all the dignities pertaining to those habiliments, he would have clapped his hands and shouted for sheer joy. But the eyes of his men were upon him, and so he stood watching the flight of the shots, biting hard on his lips to keep his composure.

Captain Truxton, ever mindful of his midshipmen, had disposed them in the different parts of the ship with regard to their size and usefulness. The older ones had been given gun divisions, while the youngsters were placed on the fo'castle or in the tops, where they might be of assistance but would more certainly be out of harm's way. Such a thought was not suggested on the Constellation. If it had been, little Jarvis would probably have resigned immediately or at the very least have burst into unmanly tears. As it was, he felt that his post aloft was as important as any on the ship, and he promised himself that if another Frenchman were sighted he would stay there, whether the mast were up or down.

So, on the first day of February, 1800, just about a year after the capture of the Insurgente, while they were bowling along under easy sail, about fifteen miles off Basse Terre, a large sail which appeared to be a French frigate was sighted to the southward. Jarvis went aloft two ratlines at a time, his heart bounding with joy at the prospect of the chance of a fight.

On assuring himself that she was a large ship, Captain Truxton immediately set all sail and took a course which soon brought her hull above the horizon and showed the Americans beyond a doubt that she was a ship of war of heavier metal than the Constellation. Nothing daunted, Truxton bore on his course until the gun streaks of the other vessel could be plainly seen. Instead of showing the same desire to speak the stranger held on, pointing a little off his course, as though to avoid an encounter.

But the breeze, which had been light, now died away altogether, and the sea became calm. There were the two great vessels drifted in sight of each other, all night and part of the following day awaiting the wind which would enable them to close. Jarvis was in a fever of impatience. A half-dozen times he got permission from the officer of the deck, and with a telescope almost as long as himself clambered up to the main royal to report. There was but one opinion among the midshipmen who went aloft — it was a Frenchman; she couldn't be anything else.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, up to the northward, they saw the ripple on the water of the wind they had been waiting for. The sail loosers flew aloft and every sail was spread. Soon the Constellation was pushing her way through the water, the foam flying from the wave tops here and there.

The chase had caught the breeze at about the same time, and the Americans could see by the line of white under her bow that she was beginning to leg it at a handsome rate. But the Constellation was in excellent condition for a race, and by degrees drew up on the other ship, which as they reached her was seen to lie very low in the water, as though deep laden. They were sure to discover who she was before nightfall, so Truxton cleared for action.

Jarvis went aloft to his top and saw the backstays lashed and the preventer braces securely hooked and rove. Extra muskets were carried up into his top for the use of the jackies and marines when they should come into close quarters, for then the fire of the sharpshooters would be almost as valuable as the shots of the great guns.

Their work had been over an hour and the sun had set in a clear sky before the Constellation drew up to gun shot distance. It was moonlight before she came within effective range. The battle lanterns were lit, and the long row of lights on the French ran showed that he too was prepared for fight. The sky was clear, and the moon, which was nearly at the full, made the outlines of the vessels perfectly visible to the men at the guns.

Truxton had given his men their orders. There was to be no cheering until there was something to cheer for. They were to await the order to fire until the enemy was close aboard, and then, and not until then, was the broadside to be delivered.

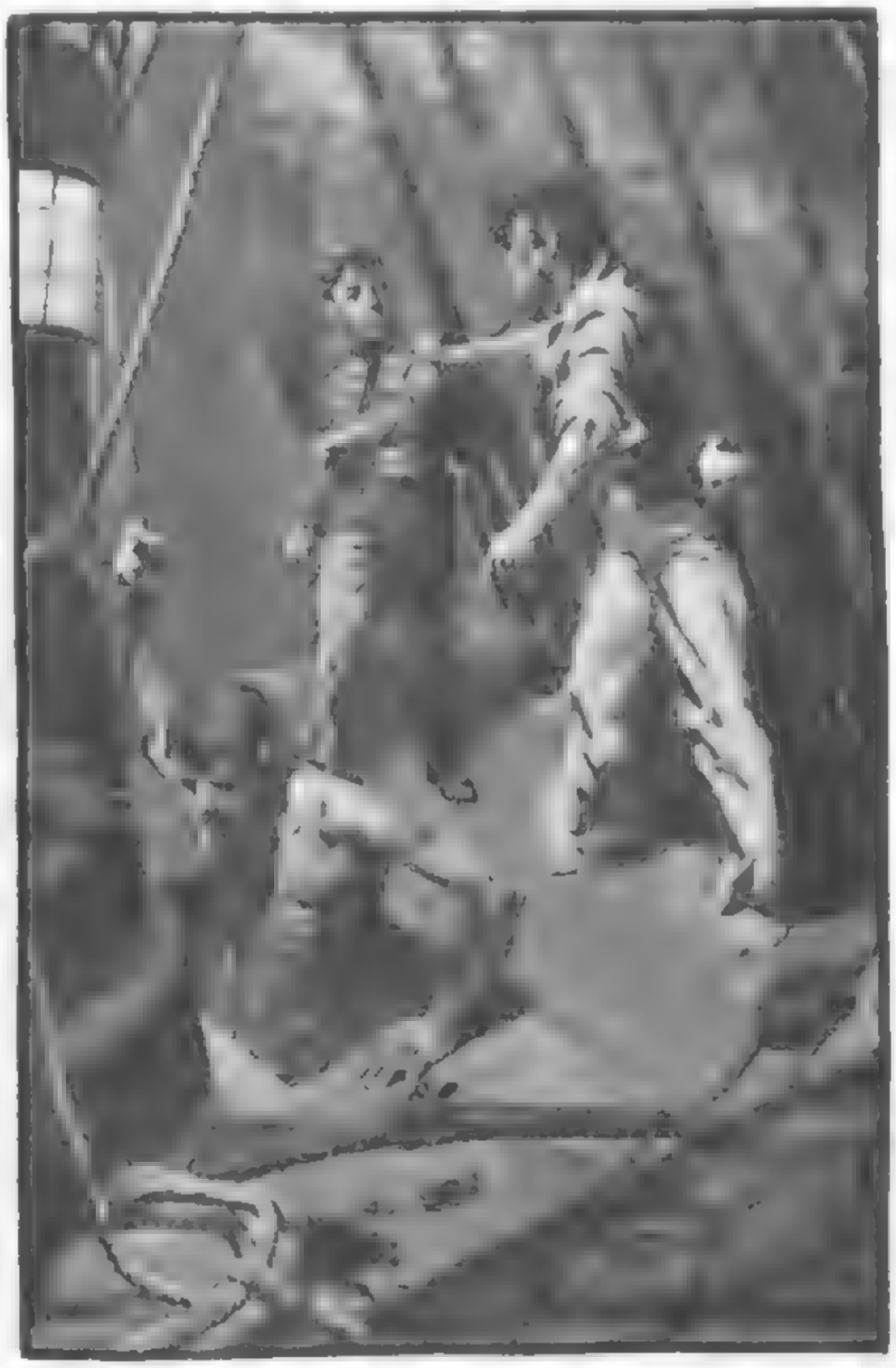
Soon a gun from the after battery of the Frenchman was fired. This was followed shortly by all the guns that would bear. Some of the shots crashed into the hull of the Constellation, and one of them killed several men. The division officers glanced appealingly at Truxton in the hope of the order to fire, but he merely held up his hand. Again the broadside came, and men seemed to be falling everywhere. The strain below and aloft was terrific. But the officers stood steadily with a word of encouragement here and there, and the men did not flinch.

At last the Constellation came abreast the after ports of the Frenchman, and Truxton throwing her off a little so that all his broadside would bear in a diagonal direction, loudly shouted the order to fire.

The telling broadside was delivered and the battle was on in earnest. To those aloft the brief pauses from the decks of the Frenchman told of the terrible effects of the fire among the enemy. The guns of the Frenchman were well served and rapidly fired but they were aiming on the upward roll of the sea, and their shots went high. Several balls from the smaller pieces had lodged in the foremast and mainmast, and one had struck just below the futtock band of the maintop where Jarvis was, and sent the splinters flying up and all about him. Yardarm to yardarm they sailed for three long bloody hours, until the firing of the Frenchman gradually slackened.

The Americans had suffered less on the decks than aloft, and Jarvis' topmen were employed most of the time in splicing and reeving gear. The discharge of the Constellation's guns did not diminish for a moment, and so fast was the firing that many of the guns became overheated, and the men had to crawl out of the exposed ports to draw up buckets of water to cool them.

At about midnight Truxton managed to draw ahead of his adversary in the smoke, and, taking a raking position, sent in such a broadside that the Frenchman was silenced completely. Jarvis and the men in the maintop had little time to use their muskets. Several long shots had struck the mast, and almost every shroud and backstay had been carried away. As the Constellation bore down upon her adversary to deal her the death blow, the mast began swaying frightfully. There was a cry from the men at Jarvis' side, and the marines and topmen began dropping through the lubber's hole, swinging themselves down the sides of the swaying mast by whatever gears they could lay their hands to.



JARVIS DID NOT MOVE. ONE OF THE OLDER SEAMEN TOOK HIM BY THE SHOULDER AND URGED HIM TO GO BELOW

Jarvis did not move. One of the older seamen took him by the shoulder and urged him to go below. The mast was going, he said, and it meant certain death to stay aloft.

Little Jarvis smiled at him.

"This is my post of duty," he replied, "and I am going to stay here until ordered below." At this moment a terrific crackling was heard and the great man of war's man went over the edge of the top. All of the strain was on one or two of the shrouds, and just as he reached the deck with a tremendous crash the great mast went over the side. Jarvis had kept his promise to stay by his mast whether it was up or down.

The Frenchman, not so badly injured aloft, took advantage of the condition of the Constellation, and slowly making sail before the wreck was cleared away, faded into the night. It was afterward discovered that she was the Vengeance, of fifty-two guns. She succeeded in reaching Curaçao in a sinking condition. When the news of the fight reached home, Congress gave Truxton a medal and a sword, and prize-money to the officers and crew.

For little Jarvis, the midshipman who preferred to die at his post, Congress passed a special resolution praising him warmly. History does not show an instance of nobler self sacrifice, and no such honor as this special act of Congress was received by a boy before or since.

The Diary of a Weakling

By Barry Pain

"STAR ONE"

I AM beginning to have serious doubts about that man Holland

At one time his manner to me was offensive. He made personal remarks which were in the worst possible taste. He attempted to turn everything I said or did into ridicule. Then he suddenly changed his manner; he became serious and respectful and I had many interesting conversations with him I thought at the time that this change was the salutary result of one or two rather sarcastic rejoinders of mine, that he had realized I was not the kind of man to be made a butt of with impunity. A recent incident, which I will relate, has made me somewhat suspicious

Holland and I had been lunching together, and as we smoked our cigarettes afterward the conversation touched upon the subject of marriage. He expressed his surprise that I had not married

"Ah!" I said modestly. "Perhaps I am not one of those who have much success with the ladies."

He said that I would change that opinion if I heard what the ladies said about me. He quoted by way of proof sundry remarks he had overheard which were of a gratifying and even of a flattering description

"I am very glad," I said, "that it has been my fortune to please some of them. Unfortunately, however, none of them has sufficiently pleased me to make me wish to marry her. I am, perhaps, difficult to please."

"Want something a bit special," said Holland, sympathetically and a bit kindly

"Well," I said, "I require beauty, youth, some private means, good temper, and a fair education. In that I think I ask for no more than others. But there are also two points on which I insist: she must not be an athletic woman, and she must be capable of a thorough respect for her husband

"I'll tell you what you ought to advertise," said Holland seriously

"Never!" I replied

However, he told me several cases of very successful marriages within his own personal knowledge which had been arranged in this way. And, as he pointed out, the advertisement binds one to nothing If the replies to it are not satisfactory one simply takes no notice of them. In fact, he put the whole thing in such a fascinating way that I said I would consider it

Next day I talked it over with him again, and he drafted an advertisement for me His description of myself and the attractions that I had to offer was accurate and at the same time gratifying I objected to his use of the phrase "a man of considerable presence," but he explained that this did not refer to what I had supposed, but was merely an allusion to my general air of dignity. I was satisfied with the advertisement and paid for its insertion in a popular Sunday paper. In due course I received several replies

Most of them were of an illiterate character and apparently from domestic servants. Two or three were from matrimonial agencies. But one seemed to me eminently satisfactory. It was from a lady of title who for the present called herself Lilian. She had seen my advertisement and felt, apart from the mere wording of it, a magnetic attraction Here, it had seemed to her, was the man whom she could adore and respect. She had $5000 a year of her own. She never took any exercise beyond a gentle walk, and objected to the coarse society of sportsmen Her age was twenty two, and she inclosed her photograph—a photograph of an exceedingly beautiful woman in evening dress There was also a touch of mystery which rather attracted me If, as she put it, her photograph was fortunate enough to please me, I was to call on Thursday evening at the last house on Anderman Road, Surbiton, at half-past seven. It was described as a large house standing back from the road in its own grounds. When the door was opened I was to say "Star One," and nothing but that I should then be conducted to her and we should dine alone together

It was really very exciting I felt as I dressed for the occasion on Thursday, with particular care, that I was in for romantic adventure. I had not said a word to Holland. I had intended to say nothing to anybody until all was arranged, and then I should have asked Holland to act as my best man and given him some small present—a cigar cutter was what had occurred to me

I went from Waterloo to Surbiton, and the cabman at Surbiton station seemed to know the road and which house I meant. It was dark on my arrival, but so far as I could see from the lamps the house and grounds were of some importance. The door was opened by a man-servant, a tremendous fellow who looked like a good tempered prize fighter

"Star One," I said, clearly and loudly, as instructed

"Certainly, sir," said the butler, with the air of one who is humoring a child. "Star One by all means. Perhaps you'd take a seat inside while it's being done."

I followed him across the hall, and he opened the door of a sombre, well furnished room, apparently a library, and showed me in. I found in the library a gentleman of about forty, busy over a microscope. He also was a big man, with a rather fat, clean-shaven face, keen eyes and a kindly manner

"He's just come, sir," said the butler "No one with him, and no luggage

"Wait in the hall," said the gentleman looking up from his microscope. Then he turned to me, staring at me rather rudely, and shook hands

Mr Felspar, I presume

Star One," I replied without hesitation

Quite so. It is Mr. Felspar. A little surprised that your dear mother and your—er—attendant have not come with you, but possibly we like to take matters into our own hands at times. We find restraint a little [illegible]

"My name," I said with dignity, "is not Felspar."

He did not appear surprised. "No. And can you remember when you stopped being Algernon Felspar?"

"I never had that name. I am Mr Lionel Hicks. I came here in consequence of an advertisement that I put in a newspaper. I received an answer to it from a lady. She is a lady of title; her Christian name is Lilian, and she is in this house, and on saying 'Star One' I was to be presented to her—to dine with her, in fact

"Ah!" he said meditatively. "Exactly Unfortunately the Countess what's her name has gone out to see a man about a dog Now you can't do better than to just go to bed quietly—I'll come up and see you in bed—and take your chance of meeting the Duchess of what-you-may-call it at breakfast to-morrow morning, Mr. Felspar

"I am not Mr Felspar," I said angrily. This was annoying me. I pulled out my card case and the letter from Lilian and began to explain

He looked over the papers gravely. "You've been hoaxed, Mr. Hicks," he said at last. "There is no lady of title here. This is the house described, but I am a doctor and receive a certain number of mental patients, and have been expecting a Mr. Felspar—whom I've not yet seen to arrive to-night. The friends who hoaxed you have taken a considerable liberty with me and my house, but——"

At this moment he happened to look at me and suddenly went into peals of laughter. He held his sides, rolled about the room, knocked against the furniture, leaned against the wall, and finally sank on the sofa screaming with laughter. The butler entered hurriedly

"All right," gasped his master. "There's nothing the matter. It's not Felspar. It's a hoax. He's hoaxed. So'm I. So are you. Oh, Lor'!" and once more relapsed into roars of laughter

He made some attempts to apologize for laughing, but the attempts always seemed to make him laugh worse. Finally it seemed more dignified for me to get up and go; and I went, saying "Good-night" rather curtly.

As I walked down the drive a four-wheeled cab came up it and slowed down to let me pass. Immediately the door of the cab flew open, and an active little man in a light tweed suit jumped out and bolted into the shrubbery, and another man went after him and caught him. I fancy the little man was the real Mr. Felspar

Now I never mentioned a word of this incident to any one; yet the very next morning when I entered the office all the clerks arose, said loudly and solemnly, "Star One," and then resumed their work. I have a great mind never to speak to Holland again

FINALLY IT SEEMED MORE DIGNIFIED FOR ME TO GET UP AND GO

When Tommy Atkins Fights

SIR REDVERS BULLER, who is in South Africa in supreme command of the British forces, is a most popular man in the London clubs, and especially so with the members of the Service clubs. When not on duty he is rather more of the hail fellow well met sort than is usual with British officers (who, unlike their brothers of the Navy, are held to be rather stiff in their bearing), and as at the same time he is a stubborn soldier much more noted for slogging the enemy than for indulging in the finesse of war, he could not be otherwise than popular with the soldiers of the Queen. As a nation, Britain believes in slogging. It is doubtful whether a real genius of a leader, one who would plan a battle so as to bring about the desired result with the least possible fighting, would go down so gracefully with the average Englishman as one who arranges for plenty of hard knocks The Britisher loves the Nelson like leader who lays alongside and pounds away till something breaks. Buller has much of this character A few days before leaving London for South Africa Sir Redvers was seated in the Army and Navy Club surrounded by a knot of prominent members who were congratulating Buller on the fact that his opportunity had at length arrived. Presently a rather caustic Scottish officer happened in and, noticing the group, marched up, held out his hand and said, 'Allow me to congratulate you Sir Brawn"

Buller took the extended hand answering 'Thank you for your congratulations, but why do you call me Brawn?'

"Bless my soul!" cried the Scotsman, 'what else can I call you? You know we all look upon you as Boers' meat."

Each time the British Army sets out upon one of its campaigns—these average at least one a year—a hardy company of war correspondents hasten to the front to witness and to describe the vicious fighting. Most of these war writers are veterans who have weathered many a campaign; they are as skilled in the theory of handling an army corps as the majority of Army officers, and their value having been tested time and time again, these old stagers are trusted by the officers as no new man could hope to be. But some of the old, well known hands have dropped out of active service since the last Soudan campaign

A well known name I have not seen in the printed list of correspondents, although its owner may turn up at the front, is Frederick Villiers, artist, writer and lecturer. A most amusing thing happened to Villiers after one of his many campaigns—if I remember right, it was immediately after Plevna. Villiers had been under fire for some days, the enemy bombarding the force to which the artist was attached, so that the arrival of a shell was a commonplace circumstance to be treated in the usual way. Out of this ordeal he came unscathed to London and was strolling down the crowded Strand. On a sudden the pedestrians were appalled to see him fling himself at full length upon the greasy, muddy pavement, and there he on his face, rigid as a dead man. From all directions men rushed to render him assistance; they turned him over to rub his hands and unbutton his collar, expecting to find him in a fit But no. On his face they found not the pain and pallor of epilepsy, but astonishment and mud. Villiers, when they laid hold of him, quickly jumped to his feet, shook the mud from his hands and clothes and then looked around for an explanation of his own apparently idiotic act. The explanation was forthcoming. A few yards behind him stood a horse and cart. The carter had, a moment after Villiers passed, pulled the pin and allowed the cart-box to dump upon the ground a load of gravel. The heavy beams of the cart of course struck the wood paving with a resounding "dull thud," and the clean gravel hissed out with an evil roar This combination of sounds, the war artist declared, was identical with the striking of a live shell, and Villiers, forgetting that he then stood some thousands of miles from the seat of war, automatically flung himself down to await the dreadful explosion.—*E. W. Sabel.*

Mark Twain as a Cub Pilot
A Talk with His Old Chief
Captain Horace Bixby

MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER

CAPTAIN HORACE BIXBY, hard upon seventy years of age, pilots a boat on the Mississippi River. For half a century he has held the wheels of steamboats on this and other navigable streams in the West. To-day he is quite as good a pilot as he was twenty-five years ago. Indeed, he is steering the daily course of the big United States Government Steamer Wright from Memphis to Alton, a distance of several hundred miles.

■

In 1856—it may have been 1857—Captain Bixby was in charge of the pilot house of the Paul Jones, which plied between Cincinnati and New Orleans. One day, as the boat was about to leave Cincinnati, a tall young man, stooped of shoulders and shaggy as to hair, stumbled up into the pilot house and took a seat on the big bench at the back. Pilots, as a rule, are not especially communicative. In those days Captain Bixby was particularly slow to begin a conversation with his passengers. After the boat had steamed several miles on her muddy course the young stranger began to talk. He asked twenty-five questions before Bixby turned around. At length he got an audience by observing:

"I think I'd like to learn your trade."

"We hear that a good many times," replied Captain Bixby.

"But I'm in earnest," the young man continued.

"Are you in earnest enough to pay?" the pilot asked.

"I reckon. How much will you charge?"

"Well, in the first place, who are you?" inquired Bixby, his foot on the wheel, his eye squinting at the young man.

"My name's Samuel Clemens," the youth said, "and I'm a printer by trade."

"And where are you going now?"

"I've started for Central America for my health; but I've thought I'd like to see how steamboating would go. There might be some health in that."

■

Captain Bixby asked Clemens to come over and stand by his side for a while. The young man from Missouri continued to talk, telling stories and making a running comment that was pleasing to the hearty, brusque pilot of the Paul Jones.

"That's a funny way you've got of pulling out your words," he said finally.

"Yaas!" Clemens responded. "Yaas, I reckon; but my maw, she pulls hers out, too."

MARK TWAIN

"We were fast friends after that," Captain Bixby said, as he finished the story. "Later I met young Sam's mother; and, sure enough, there was the drawl, exactly as the boy had it.

■

Only a few weeks ago, on the Steamer Wright's clean decks, Captain Bixby recounted the conversation here given.

"This is the bargain I drove with him," he said. "I told the boy that I would teach him the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans for five hundred dollars, not to include his expenses, except for meals on board. In port he was to look out for himself. Pilots were not particularly anxious to get cubs just then—they were more trouble than they were worth. When a steersman was needed there was no trouble to find one. Steamboating was a popular business in those days. Clemens said that he'd think it over, and I saw that he was very much in earnest. In fact, it was clear to me that he meant to learn the river. I liked him, and the more he talked the more anxious I got for him to try his hand. It was my custom, in taking what was called a cub, to ask questions affecting character and conduct. After I had learned all about the Clemens family—which was a good one, by the way (very old American stock, if I recollect)—I asked:

"'Do you drink?'

"'No.'

"'Do you swear much?'

"'Not very much.'

"And do you chew?'

"'No—but I've got to smoke,' he answered, quicker than I ever heard him say any other thing. When I asked him what he thought of my offer he said:

"'Well, you see, I haven't got five hundred dollars in money. I might raise one hundred dollars, and if you'd take that much cash I would turn in one thousand acres of Tennessee land at twenty-five cents an acre. I don't know exactly where the land is, but I've got it.'

"Well, I didn't want the real estate, but after a few days we drew up a contract. Clemens paid one hundred dollars in money. In six months he was to pay seventy-five dollars more. At the end of a year another seventy-five dollars, and the rest when he got his license. I have never seen that contract since the day it was signed. I put Sam to work right away. In all my time I never knew a man who took to the labor of piloting with so little effort. He was born for it, just as some men are born to make poetry and some to paint pictures.

■

"The next spring I planned to go up the Missouri River. I knew that I could make a lot more money in the mountain trade, and as Clemens had not wanted to learn the Missouri, I struck a new bargain with him and turned the teaching job over to a pilot named Brown, on the Pennsylvania, with Captain Kleinfelder.

Clemens kept on improving, and from one boat he went to another, getting better all the time. Not very long after he left the Pennsylvania she blew up. Among the lives lost was that of one of Clemens' brothers, who was a clerk on board. After that Clemens was on the Alex Scott and the Falls City, learning fast. It was on the Alonzo Childs, if I am not mistaken, that he was first employed as a full pilot. This was in the spring of 1859. In the same year he was my partner, although I was in charge. His pay, then, the first he earned as a regularly licensed officer, was two hundred dollars a month. His license was dated April 9, 1859, and was issued at St. Louis by Inspectors J. H. McCord and Henry Singleton. You can bet that Clemens was proud of it. In those days he did not use his middle name. I remember that the license merely said that 'Samuel Clemens was entitled to steer.' The license was renewed in March, 1860, and again in the [illegible] of 1861.

After that my pilot went West. He had tasted a bit of the difficulties of war: blockades were to be run and hazard was to take the place of mother-in-law the river had. If I am not mistaken I saw, down at Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, some evidence of Clemens' war risks. His boat's smokestacks had bullet-holes in them—and the Civil War had only begun."

■

CAPTAIN HORACE BIXBY

Captain Horace Bixby is one of the youngest old men I have ever seen. He is as spry as a boy of fifteen. If he wears glasses the fact is not generally known. Certainly he uses no such aid when he rings his big steamboat. The day is never too gray, the night never too dark for his steady, blue eyes. In the old times of steamboating Captain Bixby was called a daring man.

"They said I was foolhardy," he remarked to me the other day; "but I was always sure of myself. Certainly I should have lost many a boat if it had not been so. I have many times brought my vessel through difficult places on bad nights when other Captains were tied to the bank; but the risk never seemed great. I always felt that it was the duty of a pilot to pilot. If ever such work is needed it is when the way is difficult. When I learned the river I had this feeling, and when I taught the river to others I always insisted upon the same thing. Mark Twain (the Sam Clemens as we knew him) was a good pilot. He was sure of himself, and a safe man for his owners. I have heard men say that Clemens never held a license; that he was a mere steersman, but I am here to say that there was no better man of his years and experience on all the great Mississippi. If he had an accident I never heard of it, and if he ever wanted for a good professional name there is no record of it in the Government's books up at the custom house."

At the veteran pilot's suggestion I walked with him to the Inspector's office, and there we found, in a volume of filled-in blanks, the pilot license of Samuel Clemens, yellow in its forty years. Captain Bixby almost danced about the room as he talked about his famous "cub."

■

"There never was a better boy," he said. "He was bound to be great, whatever his course in life. I believe that he would have owned a line of steamboats had he kept to the river."

Not long ago the writer had a chat with Captain Strother Nimrod Wylie, aged eighty-four, who assisted in Mark Twain's [illegible] education. Captain Wylie has run [illegible] Western river, and it is a recorded fact that he is one of few men who have lived to tell the story of how it feels to be blown up in a steamboat explosion.

"The first time I see Sam Clemens," said Captain Wylie, "was just north of Memphis on the Steamer Chenoweth. Captain Bixby goin' down, had left word that he wanted me to take on a young feller at Memphis—a cub of his, an' teach him on the way up. After we left Memphis I looked around for the cub, but he wa'n't in sight. Late that afternoon a young man was settin' in the pilot-house when the Cap'n—Cap'n John Johnson—come in an' asked me ef I knowed Williams' Landin'. We was then near Partridge Hen.

"'Know Williams' Landin',' says I. 'Of course. It's here, an' with that I poked her nose into the bushes.

"'That ain't no landin',' says the Cap'n, confident like. 'We'll take the stuff right on up the river.'

"'All right, says I an' I backed 'er. Jest then I see a man comin' through the weeds away off yander. The Cap'n see him at the same time.

"'I reckon you're right,' he said; 'poke her nose in again.'

"'Very well, sir,' says I, an' we landed. When the Cap'n was gone the young feller on the bench snickered.

"'What yo' laffin' at?' I asked.

"'The way you fooled the Cap'n,' he said.

Who are yo'?' I asked, uppish like, for I didn't want to appear in the light of a man who wasn't loyal to his Cap'n.

"'I'm Bixby's steersman, Sam Clemens,' he drawled. 'He told me to come up with you and learn the river.'

Then I cussed him: 'Why didn't yo' say so?' I asked. 'Git up here and take a turn of the wheel.'

"He steered all that watch an' for many another afterward. Clemens always made us laugh with his dry jokes. I remember a story he wrote about the dangers of navigation at Hickman Bend. Some funny writer of that time had published something about the perils an' so on of the river business. Clemens took him up in his own dry way. Everybody on the river laffed at what he wrote. Hickman's Bend was the safest place between St. Louis an' New Orleans.

"I never see Clemens in trouble but once. It was at Ste. Genevieve Crossin'. I was comin' along with a big boat, an' there was Sam, with part of his hull in the gravel.

"'What am I to do, Cap'n?' he called.

"'Back 'er by your lahbord wheel,' says I, for the other'n was in the sand. 'Then hold her on the old burnt chimney an' the lone tree at the head of the field.' Clemens followed my advice to a hair's turn an' in half an hour he was in the channel.

"I didn't see Sam any more till he come back from the Holy Land. I was playin' billiards down at Lupe's an' he was lookin' at me. After I had made a pretty good shot he turned to some friend an' said:

'That was pretty bad.'

'Who are yo'?' I asked, 'to stick your opinion into this game?' Then I knew him.

"'Look a-here, Sam,' I said, 'did yo' think of us old fellers when yo' was gallivantin' around over there in the Holy Land?'

"'Yes,' said Sam. 'One day when I was walkin' around some of the famous scenes I came upon an old, empty Stomach Bitters bottle and an American tomato can. Then I thought of you boys here at home.'"

—*Homer Bassford.*

A Mess of POTTAGE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

IT WAS be[illegible] Democratic candidate for Governor was such an energetic man that he had been able to stir Little Africa, which was a Republican stronghold from centre to circumference. He was a man who believed in carrying the war into the enemy's country. Instead of giving them a chance to attack him he went directly into their camp, leaving discontent and disaffection among their ranks. He believed in his principles. He had faith in his policy for the government of the State, and, more than all, he had a convincing way of making others see as he saw.

No other Democrat had ever thought it necessary to assail the stronghold of Little [illegible]. He had merely put it into his force [illegible] solidly against," sent a little money to be distributed desultorily in the district and then left it to go its way, never doubting what that way would be. The opposing candidates never felt that the place was worthy of consideration, for as the Chairman of the Central Committee said, holding up his hand with the fingers close together: "What's the use of wasting any speakers down there? We've got 'em just like that."

It was all very different with Mr. Lane.

"Gentlemen," he said to the campaign managers, "that black district must not be ignored. Those people go one way because they are never invited to go another."

"Oh, I tell you now, Lane," said his closest friend, "it'll be a waste of material to send anybody down there. They simply go like a flock of sheep, and nothing is going to turn them."

What's the matter with the bell wether?" said Lane sententiously.

"That's just exactly what is the matter. Their bell wether is an old deacon named Isham Swift, and you couldn't turn him with a forty-horse power crank."

"There's nothing like trying."

"There are many things very similar to failing, but none so bad."

"I'm willing to take the risk."

"Well, all right, but whom will you send? We can't waste a good man."

"I'll go myself."

"What, you?"

"Yes, I."

"Why, you'd be the laughing stock of the State."

"All right, put me down for that office if I never reach the gubernatorial chair."

Say, Lane, what was the name of that Spanish fellow who went out to fight windmills, and all that sort of thing?"

"Never mind, Widner; you may be a good political hustler, but you're dead bad on your classics," said Lane laughingly.

So they put him down for a speech in Little Africa, because he himself desired it.

Widner had not lied to him about Deacon Swift as he found when he tried to get the old man to preside at the meeting. The Deacon refused with indignation at the very idea. But others were more acquiescent, and Mount Moriah church was hired at a rental that made the Rev. Ebenezer Clay and all his Trustees rub their hands with glee and think well of the candidate. And they looked at their shiny coats and thought of new suits.

There was much indignation expressed that Mount Moriah should have lent herself to such a cause, and there were murmurs even among the congregation where the Rev. Ebenezer Clay was usually an unquestioned autocrat. But because love was the mother of all of us and the thing was so new, there was a great crowd on the night of the meeting. The Rev. Ebenezer Clay presided. Lane had said, "If I can't get the bell wether to jump the way I want I'll transfer the bell." This he had tried to do. The effort was very like him.

The Rev. Mr. Clay, looking down into more frowning faces than he cared to see, spoke more boldly than he felt. He told his people that though they had their own opinions and ideas as it was well to hear both sides. "The brothah," meaning the candidate, "had a few thoughts to pussent and he hoped they'd listen to him quietly." Then he added subtly: "Of co'se Brothah Lane knows we coa'ed 'im here to gum to think our own way, anyhow."

The people laughed and applauded and Lane went to his work. They were quiet and attentive. Every now and then some old brother grunted and shook his head. But in the main they merely listened.

Lane was pleasing, plausible and convincing, and the brass band which he had brought with him was especially effective. The audience left the church shaking their heads with a different meaning, and all the way home there were remarks such as, "He sholy tol' de truth." "Dat man was right." "They ain't no way to 'ny a word he said."

Just at that particular moment it looked very dark for the other candidate, especially as the brass band fingered around an hour or so and discoursed sweet music in the streets where the negroes most did congregate.

Twenty years ago such a thing could not have happened, but the ties which had bound the older generation irrevocably to one party were being loosed upon the younger men. The old men said they knew, the young ones said "We have heard," and so there was hardly anything of the blind allegiance which had made even free thought seem treason to their fathers.

Now all of this was the reason of the great indignation that was rife in the breasts of other Little Africans and which culminated in a mass meeting called by Deacon Isham Swift and held at Bethel Chapel a few nights [illegible] two or three days before this congregation of the opposing elements there were ominous mutterings. On the streets little knots of negroes stood and told of the terrible thing that had taken place at Mount Moriah. Shoulders were grasped, heads were wagged and awful things prophesied as the result of this compromise with the general enemy. No one was louder in his denunciation of the treacherous course of the Rev. Ebenezer Clay than the Republican bell wether, Deacon Swift. He saw in it signs of the break-up of racial integrity and he bemoaned the tendency loud and long. His son Tom did not tell him that he had gone to the meeting himself and had been one of those to come out shaking his head in acquiescent doubt at the truths he had heard. But he went as in duty bound to his father's meeting.

The church was one thronging mass of colored citizens. On the platform from which the pulpit had been removed, sat Deacon Swift and his followers. On each side of him were banners bearing glowing inscriptions. One of the banners which the schoolmistress had prepared read:

His temples are our forts which frown [illegible]

The schoolmistress taught in a mixed school. They had mixed it by giving her a room in a white school where she had only colored pupils. Therefore she was loyal to her part and was known as a woman of public spirit.

The meeting was an enthusiastic one, but no such demonstration was shown through it all as when old Deacon Swift himself arose to address the assembly. He put Moses Jackson in the chair and then as he walked forward to the front of the platform a great, white-haired, rugged black figure he was heroic in his very crudeness. He wore a long, old Prince Albert coat, which swept carelessly about his thin legs. His turndown collar was disputing territory with his tie and his waistcoat. His head was down, and he glanced out of the lower part of his eyes over the congregation, while his hands fumbled at the sides of his trousers in an embarrassment which may have been pretended or otherwise.

"Mistah Cheerman," he said, "fu' myse'f, I ain't no speakah. I ain't nevah been rize up dat way. I has

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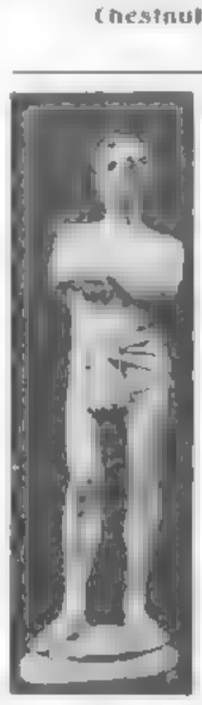

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plowed an' I has sowed, an' latah on I has laid cyahpets, an' I has whitewashed. But, ladies an' gent'men, I is a man, an' as a man I want to speak to you ternight. We is lak a flock o' sheep, an' in de las' week de wolf has come among ouah midst. On evah side we has hyeahd de shephe'd dogs a-ba'kin,' a-wa'nin'unto us. But, my f'en's, de cotton o' p'ospe'ity has been stuck in ouah eahs. Fu' thirty yeahs er mo', ef I do not disremember, we has walked de streets an' de by-ways o' dis country an' called ouahse'ves f'eemen. Away back yander, in de days of old, lak de chillen of Is'ul in Egypt, a deliv'ah came unto us, an' Ab'aham Lincoln a-lifted de yoke f'om ouah shouldahs." The audience waked up and began swaying, and there was moaning heard from both Amen corners.

"But, my f'en's, I want to ax you, who was behind Ab'aham Lincoln? Who was it helt up dat man's han's when dey sent bayonets an' buttons to enfo'ce his word—umph? I want to—to know who was behin' him? Wasn' it de 'Publican pa'ty?" There were cries of "Yes, yes! dat's so!" One old sister rose and waved her sunbonnet.

"An' now I want to know in dis hyeah day o' comin' up ef we a-gwineter 'sert de ol' flag which waved ovah Lincoln, waved ovah Gin'r'l Butler, an' led us up straight to f'eedom. Ladies an' gent'men, an' my f'en's, I know dar have been suttain meetin's held lately in dis pa't o' de town. I know dar have been suttain cannerdates which have come down hyeah an' brung us de mixed wine o' Babylon. I know dar have been dem o' ouah own people who have drunk an' become drunk—ah! But I want to know, an' I want to ax you ternight as my f'en's an' my brothahs, is we all a-gwineter do it—huh? Is we all a-gwineter drink o' dat wine? Is we all a-gwineter reel down de pelitical street, a-staggerin' to an' fro?—hum!"

Cries of "No! No! No!" shook the whole church.

"Gent'men an' ladies," said the old man, lowering his voice, "de pa'able has been 'peated, an' some o' us—I ain't mentionin' no names, an' I ain't a-blamin' no chu'ch—but I say dar is some o' us dat has sol' dere buthrights fu' a pot o' cabbage."

What more Deacon Swift said is hardly worth the telling, for the whole church was in confusion and little more was heard. But he carried everything with him, and Lane's work seemed all undone. On a back seat of the church Tom Swift, the son of the presiding officer, sat and smiled at his father unmoved, because he had gone as far as the sixth grade in school, and thought he knew more.

As the reporters say, the meeting came to a close amid great enthusiasm.

The day of election came and Little Africa gathered as usual about the polls in the precinct. The Republicans followed their plan of not bothering about the district. They had heard of the Deacon's meeting, and chuckled to themselves in their committee-room. Little Africa was all solid, as usual, but Lane was not done yet. His emissaries were about, as thick as insurance agents, and they, as well as the Republican workers, had money to spare and to spend. Some votes which counted only for numbers were fifty cents apiece, but when Tom Swift came down they knew who he was and what his influence could do. They gave him five dollars, and Lane had one more vote and a deal of prestige. The young man thought he was voting for his convictions.

He had just cast his ballot, and the crowd was murmuring around him still at the wonder of it—for the Australian ballot has tongues as well as ears—when his father came up, with two or three of his old friends, each with the old ticket in his hands. He heard the rumor and laughed. Then he came up to Tom.

"Huh," he said, "dey been sayin' 'roun' hyeah you voted de Democratic ticket. Go mek 'em out a lie."

"I did vote the Democratic ticket," said Tom steadily.

The old man fell back a step and gasped, as if he had been struck.

"You did?" he cried. "You did?"

"Yes," said Tom, visibly shaken; "every man has a right——"

"Evah man has a right to what?" cried the old man.

"To vote as he thinks he ought to," was his son's reply.

Deacon Swift's eyes were bulging and reddening.

"You—you tell me dat?" His slender form towered above his son's, and his knotted, toil-hardened hands opened and closed.

"You tell me dat? You with yore bringin' up vote de way you think you're right? You lie! Tell me what dey paid you, or, befo' de Lawd, I'll tain you to pieces right hyeah!"

Tom wavered. He was weaker than his father. He had not gone through the same things, and was not made of the same stuff.

"They—they give me five dollahs," he said; "but it wa'n't fu' votin'."

"Fi' dollahs! fi' dollahs! My son sell hisself fu' fi' dollahs! an' forty yeahs ago I brung fifteen hun'erd, an' dat was only my body, but you sell body an' soul fu' fi' dollahs!

Horror and scorn and grief and anger were in the old man's tone. Tears trickled down his wrinkled face, but there was no weakness in the grip with which he took hold of his son's arms.

"Tek it back to 'em!" he said. "Tek it back to em."

"But, pap——"

"Tek it back to 'em, I say, or yore blood be on yore own haid!"

And then, shamefaced before the crowd, driven by his father's anger, he went back to the man who had paid him and yielded up the precious banknote. Then they turned, the one head-hung, the other proud in his very indignation, and made their way homeward.

There was prayer-meeting the next Wednesday night at Bethel Chapel. It was nearly over and the minister was about to announce the Doxology, when old Deacon Swift arose.

"Des' a minute, brothahs," he said. "I want to mek a 'fession. I was too ha'd an' too brash in my talk de othah night, an' de Lawd visited my sins upon my haid. He struck me in de bosom o' my own fambly. My own son went wrong. Pray fu' me!"

A Fright in Court Circles

MAJOR FRED MATHER, the father of aquariums in this country, is a young man for so long an experience, and as active as he is young. For many years he was practically at the head of the fish culture department of the New York State Government, and his home at Cold Spring Harbor was one of the show places on Long Island. Next to fishing, the Major is fonder of dime museums than of any other form of amusement. One evening in search of entertainment he went to a Bowery museum. At one end of the platform sat a "Circassian Princess" in her national costume. Her hair was flaxen, fluffy and on end. Her eyes were pale blue, and her features Milesian. The Major stopped in front of her throne and made obeisance.

"From Circassia, I presume?"

The Princess nodded affably. "Shure," she replied in pure Corkonian brogue.

"How is my old friend, Beejoo Beejoo Weejo Meejo? I trust that he bears his years well?"

The Princess flushed and stammeringly answered that he was well.

"You speak the language?" asked the Major.

Again the Milesian "Shure," but it was plain to see that her highness was ill at ease.

"Slabatoo habitoo Mabitoo handkerchoo, veni vidi vici, kohinoor," responded the Major eloquently. "Escanabawinnipeg nesinaboine paris hong kong foo choo. Eh?"

How much longer the catechism would have been extended no one knows, for the armless man, next to the throne, broke in with:

"Say, young feller, de Princess is dead tired, and your talk has brought back all de memories of her happy childhood days. She can't say no more to-day. Come back for your answer to-morrow."

The look of gratitude the Princess flashed at her armless defender would have melted an ossified heart, and the Major withdrew. The next week he went back. The same Princess was there, but under her throne was a freshly painted sign reading thus:

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By Rudyard Kipling

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MARY E. WILKINS—A Christmas Sonnet
FRANK L. STANTON—Christmas Dancing
CLINTON SCOLLARD—
The Ballad of the Christmas Almsman

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By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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WHAT to READ

Janice Meredith *

I HAVE often sought the reason for the popularity of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's novels and the secret of his strength; for he certainly has both popularity and strength. After five years his Peter Stirling, the demand for which began in earnest in San Francisco and worked eastward like a prairie fire, is still a "seller"; even now it is hardly good form to go from New York to Southampton without a copy in your trunk.

Janice Meredith marks a greater conformity to the safe canons of literature; there is a freer and a finer use of the imagination, while the book is artistic in the sense that purpose is only incidental and not predominant, as in Peter Stirling. The story has simplicity and bookish ease, but its method is essentially dramatic, and perturbing situations too often interrupt the continuity of plot. The tumult and confusion of war itself has in a measure blinded Mr. Ford to the need of a sequential and closely pieced narrative. Trained as he has been to historical precision, it was a prime necessity for him that facts should be sustained, and from this cause his fiction has suffered to some extent.

The action centres around a loyalist farm in New Jersey throughout the Revolution, although the grand manœuvres of the American Army from New York to Yorktown are mainly followed. Janice is the daughter of a Tory squire who suffers all vicissitudes except a reversion of his obstinate mind. War is the background, but love for Miss Janice furnishes the movement, which is constant, startling, and occasionally irritating. There are several lovers, and but one hero, who is something more than a suggestion of Alexander Hamilton in his early career. Jack Brereton comes to America as an indentured servant to escape, if he may, a crushing grief. He serves Janice's father with sullen fidelity until the chance offers to join the American forces; by that time his heart is given to Janice. He becomes an aide to Washington, but betrays his General's trust, all for love of a maid, as men have done and as they will do. For this treachery he is properly and sternly repulsed from Washington's military family. The villain is Lord Clowes, a fictitious character, first a spy and later a British commissary. Mr. Ford, with his unfailing normality, punishes the unjust, lets the inefficient go their way, and leaves the virtuous standing in a row before the drop-curtain, smiling and happy. It is a book for everybody, and that is why everybody will read it. After reading it with some scrupulousness and entire absorption I am encouraged to think that perhaps the secret of Mr. Ford's success is revealed. He knows clearly what people want to read, and lets the question of what people ought to read squarely alone. It is the substance of his book which goes, and not the quality. Intellect here triumphs over education. The brain behind the pen has won the day against other writers of finished style trained to literary mechanics.

Fastidious people—and I plead guilty to being one of them—will find in the character of Janice only a pretty baggage, not worth for a moment the devotion of the three decent fellows, and hardly that of the two scamps, who so hotly wooed her. All the pursuers in this love chase hie after her as if she were hunted vermin. George Meredith has discovered the iniquity of such sport; but Janice is just the sort of a quarry which pleases the most of us. Is it possible that the pretty little fool, who allows herself to become pledged to three or four men without the least pretense of loving one of them, is a masculine ideal? Who would not rather take his doubtful chance for happiness with the frayed heart of the once famous Mrs. Loring, who appears flittingly on the scene, than abase his affections to the level of this Miss Janice? Mr. Ford has certainly meant her to stand as a type of the worst that can happen from compliance with the will of an honest but bullying father. Janice's want of self-assertion is not typical of her century—a century also of Gretna Greens and other refreshing instances of revolt—but the result of a system as old as parentage itself.

Mr. Ford has not shown himself afraid to pay homage to George Washington, as he has not failed to touch delicately, yet incisively, on the characters of the perfidious Charles Lee and the fat-headed Sir William Howe.

Janice *is* pretty, but how grateful we should be had she been also a woman of the type which the American Revolution developed as certainly as it did our forefathers. Few women, however, could withstand the broadsides of compliments which her admirers poured in upon her, after the custom of the age. Even Washington himself discharges whole parks of polite artillery at her defenseless charms. Let Mr. Ford be warned by the example of other men, who have written ably on large and complicated themes, but who have missed the point as to women. He may well study again the melancholy fate of Thackeray, who wrote them all down as fools, and betake himself into his literary closet and reread prayerfully his George Meredith. If Mr. Ford will favor his women one-half as generously as he does his horses we may yet have from him that great American novel for which the world is still impatiently tapping its feet.

—Lindsay Swift.

A New Index to Fame *

THE healthy influence of William Drysdale's Helps for Ambitious Boys will be felt at once, but it will be felt more forcibly when the boys who read it and find profitable enjoyment in it shall have grown up. No earnest boy can read it without gaining fresh, wholesome ideas of life and its burdens—ideas that will stand him in good stead. Mr. Drysdale has done something for American boys that has never been done for them before. Without a line of tiresome moralizing, he shows the advantages of a clean, healthful, boyish life, and the disadvantages of such a life as tends to weaken either body or mind.

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—Benjamin Northrop.

Miranda of the Balcony †

AT THE hotel in Gibraltar, Luke Charnock found a yellow handbill announcing excursions to the white Moorish city across the Straits; at Tangier, he heard a man whistle a haunting air from a bygone opera. Driving across Plymouth, he jammed his little finger in the eye of a brass bracket in the cab and was sworn at and called a "red-hotter" by a fair-haired sailorman whom he

* Janice Meredith. By Paul Leicester Ford. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

* Helps for Ambitious Boys. By William Drysdale. *T. Y. Crowell & Co.*

† Miranda of the Balcony. By A. E. W. Mason. *The Macmillan Company.*

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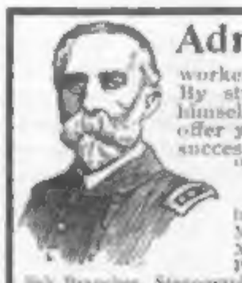

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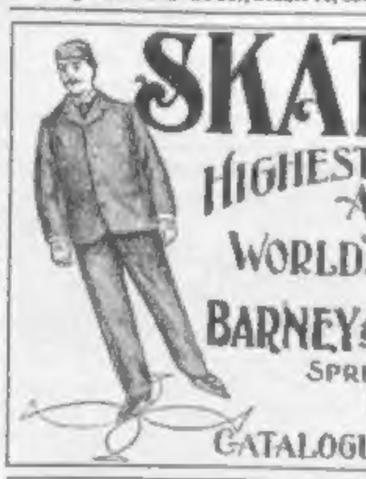

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asked to buy vaseline with which to free the trapped finger. On the night of the last encounter he saw in a vision a melancholy face—a woman's face—that he had noted at Monte Carlo years before; and a few nights after, in Lady Donnisthorpe's ballroom, he identified the face of the vision and picked up one of Miranda's long, white gloves. These episodes are the little hinges and pivots of an absorbing and ingenious romance.

At twenty-four, Miranda Warriner was a thoroughly adorable woman, decreed to live down a gloomy past in a colorless future. Two years before, her scapegrace husband had sold to a foreign Government the plans of the Daventry gun, but before the scandal could leak out, his body—they said it was his body—had been found, after a storm, on the rocks of Rosevear. And so Miranda went into reasonably sincere mourning, and doubted not the reality of her widowhood until that evening on Lady Donnisthorpe's palm-screened balcony, when Charnock told her of his encounter with the sailorman who had called him a "red-hotter."

After the disappearance of Captain Warriner, Miranda had chosen to live down the memory of his treason on a picturesque old estate in Spain. Within a few hours' journey of her home at Ronda, Charnock was building a railroad, and it was only by one of Lady Donnisthorpe's well-planned coincidences that he and Miranda took a holiday in London at the same time.

Miranda's suspicion that her husband was still alive was confirmed soon after her return to Spain by a self-styled soldier of fortune—a many-sided rogue, with whom blackmail was a business and the translation of Horace a pleasure—who called one day to arrange for the sale of his silence on easy payments. Miranda paid, and paid again, until, at length, news came that the ubiquitous Warriner had fallen into the clutches of an ancient enemy at Tangier and been sold as a slave to some wandering tribesmen from the interior. Charnock, needless to say, was deeply and hopefully in love with the adorable Miranda, and when she summoned him to Ronda and sent him forth to rescue her worthless husband, he set his teeth grimly and went out to do her bidding as valiantly as any knight of old.

No sane or compassionate novelist could allow such a hero to go unrewarded, nor has Mr. Mason been so hard-hearted to Luke Charnock; but the mills of the gods grind with lifelike slowness, and "three hard, curious years" go by before Charnock and Miranda—now a real widow, and as adorable as ever—meet for the second time on Lady Donnisthorpe's palm-screened balcony.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has said that a novel should be "a pocket theatre," and that is precisely what Mr. Mason has given us. The play he has staged therein is an unusually good one: the plot is clever, intricate, and well worked out; the dialogue, ever bright, is often brilliant; the "situations" are decidedly dramatic, and the interest is sustained to the last paragraph.

—*F. S. Bigelow.*

A Study of Mrs. Browning*

ARDOR and admiration glow in every page of this short Study of Mrs. Browning. There hardly seems space in so small a book for so vast an enthusiasm, which begins when Elizabeth Barrett is a child of eight, reading Homer and Shakespeare and Pindar; continues when she is a girl of fifteen, writing verses "upon which already was the true stamp of genius"; grows stronger and stronger with her first period of "intense literary activity"; and becomes well-nigh hysterical when Robert Browning makes his late appearance on the scene. "The story of this courtship is the exquisite and ideal one in all the tales of romance," says Miss Whiting, which may be true; but it is a story of which sober-minded readers have begun by this time to feel pardonably weary.

Once married, we have a pleasant picture of that Italian life which has been so often and so well described. Mrs. Browning, for all her learning, and her curls, and her poetry, had, like Mrs. Carlyle, "fireside qualities." "She could mend a coat for her Robert with a smile and a Greek epigram"—curious sewing utensils—"but the repairing would be none the less skillful." "Her playful humor invested even inconveniences with an unexpected charm"—as did Mrs. Carlyle's, only "her Thomas" declined grumpily to be charmed. "Both husband and wife held themselves always ready to respond to the call of the Muses," and "economy and denials had little power to depress their spirits"—economy in Italy being, as a fact, a far less depressing piece of business than it is in other lands.

The last chapter in the Study is devoted to a rapturous rehearsal of Mrs. Browning's poems, with their "philosophical concept of the universe, and of the inter-relation of the finite and the infinite." "It must be conceded," observes Miss Whiting calmly, "that Mrs. Browning's power to kindle thought and to illuminate spiritual problems is unsurpassed by any English-speaking poet since Shakespeare." It would be difficult to say more.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

* A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By Lilian Whiting. *Little, Brown & Co.*

A Purpose Story for Girls*

THE novel with a purpose quite apart from any abstract questions of art, unless the purpose completely overshadows every other consideration, has a distinct and useful place in literature. It has been the means of enlightening large numbers of readers about many things they would otherwise never have thought of, and of revealing truths and character development in an easily comprehensible way.

The title of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's new story, Square Pegs, is not without a very palpable suggestion of an instructive motive. It is the life story of an Estabel Charlock, who is introduced to the reader at an age when the vague longings and dreams of an imaginative and ambitious young girl, as yet without any fixed ideas of herself or experience of life, need the direction of some strong, kind and wise hand. She leaves a small country town, and an aunt who keeps a little millinery shop, for a near-by city and the home of another relative whose marriage to a prosperous business man has given her social ambitions. Without prejudices, and willing to accept her associates for their personal value quite apart from any mere class distinctions, this young person finds the new environment, with its artificial atmosphere and sharply indicated social strata, a complicated and soul-vexing problem. The city home is dominated by the sole idea of gaining an entrance to the old set that assumes to lead affairs, and the pettiness and shallow worthlessness of the efforts to accomplish this end are not left to surmise. It is an old-fashioned story that moves along with deliberateness and a certain formality and reserve very suggestive of New England. Mrs. Whitney is never entirely satisfied to let her characters tell all the story, but she insists rather too often, it seems to me, for the good of her books, upon stepping boldly in now and then to preach a little sermon on her own account.—*James B. Carrington.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

THE youthful mind turns Westward now as eagerly as in the days of Amyas Leigh, and Mr. George Bird Grinnell is not the first writer of juvenile fiction who has been shrewd enough to see it, but the consecutive chapter headings, A Grizzly Killed, An Ancient Massacre, and Chased by Indians, furnish a sequence which should not let Jack, the Young Ranchman, loiter. *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

Beck's Fortune was a lucky find. Beck was a very lucky girl—but then, she grew up in a book. Miss Adele E. Thompson has her find *two* fortunes. In the opening chapters she comes into her grandfather's hoarded treasure, and in the very last one of all she finds the love that she has wanted. She never knew either one was waiting for her, but we feel sure from the wise use she made of the first she will not squander the other. *Lee & Shepard.*

Harry Castlemon seems not to have lost his knack of writing good, healthy boys' books. In his latest, the White Beaver forms really the smallest part, for our interest is elsewhere: in honest work and exciting recreation. *Henry T. Coates & Co.*

All of us at some time or other have had an Island Impossible of our own, or it may have been a cave. Harriet Morgan's Jack O'Nory was particularly fortunate in his, and we are thoroughly thankful that he took Katharine Pyle along with him to register her impressions. *Little, Brown & Co.*

* Square Pegs. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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YOUNG BLOOD

JAMES GRAY, Mayor of Minneapolis

By Winthrop Burr Chamberlain

RARELY has an American city of the larger class intrusted the headship of its affairs to a young man barely turned thirty-six, as Minneapolis did a year ago, when James Gray, with a suddenness little short of magical, was transformed from a newspaper man into the Mayor of a great and growing city.

By birth a Scot—but an American since his toddling-days—by profession a journalist, James Gray's relation to politics and public affairs had hitherto been merely that of a recorder and a commentator. The swift course of events that took him out of his City Editor's chair in the Times office and whirled him along to place and power seems fortuitous enough. And yet on closer analysis it appears that the man was equal to the opportunity, that he possessed the courage and the judgment to take the tide in the affairs of men at its flood.

This story of what worth married to good fortune may accomplish in the lusty Northwest is worth telling.

The Democratic nomination came to Mr. Gray as the result of a feud between the younger men and the old party leaders, and quite without an effort on his part. As it was not supposed that any Democrat could win in a city so steadfastly Republican, there was little contest in the convention. Known as he was by few, unused to public speaking, unlearned in the tricks of politics, there seemed nothing before him but defeat. But the prophets of evil had not reckoned with the Scotch grit nor the American adaptability of the young man, who, having had greatness thrust upon him, now decided to make the most of it. Like a good general, he forced the fighting from the outset. His opponent was a member—an honest one, be it said, but still a member—of a malodorous City Council. Young Gray soon had him on the defensive, an unfortunate attitude for a candidate, but one he was forced to maintain until the votes were in and counted. It was then found that the doughty young campaigner had won by a remarkable margin.

PHOTO BY MILLER, MINNEAPOLIS

JAMES GRAY, MAYOR OF MINNEAPOLIS

As an evidence of how unfamiliar the candidate's personality was, it is related that on election night, as the crowds on Newspaper Row watched the returns thrown on the great white screens, there were loud calls for Gray. A quiet young man, wandering in and out among the excited groups, heard the shouts for the victor. Meeting a friend, he said: "They don't seem to know me, do they?" It was James Gray.

But his work and worth were known, and there was popular confidence that he would make a success: and he has. Coming into a great and responsible office, unlearned in the technics of municipal affairs, he has grappled and mastered his problems with the quick, comprehensive perception of the trained newspaper man accustomed to executive work. Nothing he has done, however, has brought him so much fame as his "I have; have you?" achievement. Here is the story:

The Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers, five of whose dozen companies were recruited in Minneapolis, was on its way home after a year's hard service in the Philippines. There had been much talk of a suitable reception, and President McKinley had promised to be present at the merrymaking. But the men had elected to be mustered out in San Francisco, to gain certain financial advantages in the way of travel-pay and other allowances. There seemed but one way to bring the regiment home in a body, and that was on special, free trains. The problem was, how to raise the twenty thousand dollars needed to provide transportation.

At this juncture Mayor Gray had a bright idea. He would appeal to the people. He would ask many small contributions of many persons. It was while considering this project that the idea came to him of giving to each person who gave a dollar a token to wear which would pique the curiosity and arouse the patriotism of him who had not given. He sat down to write the inscription for the badge and this was the first result:

"I have given a dollar to help bring the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers home from San Francisco. Have you given your dollar?"

Evidently this was too cumbersome. Like a flash came this condensation: "I have; have you?"

That very day he had little tricolor badges printed. The newspapers printed his appeal and fac-similes of the badge. Instantly the silver stream of dollars began to come rolling in.

The response was remarkable. Business men canvassed whole blocks. Society ladies called on their friends. The churches came to the rescue. Labor unions joined in the good work. In every avenue of life the words "I have; have you?" were heard. And still the dollars came rolling in. The other cities represented in the regiment also fell in line. The newspapers daily devoted columns of space to reporting the progress of the fund.

When the regiment sailed from Manila nothing had been done. When the transport entered the Golden Gate twenty-eight days later the needed money was all in hand. In Minneapolis alone over nine thousand individual badges had been sold. When Mr. Gray went to the Pacific Coast with Governor Lind's party to greet the returning veterans he was hailed all along the line, not as the Mayor of Minneapolis, but as the I-have-have-you man.

It was during his service on the Times that the rose-light of romance touched Mr. Gray's life. There was a sweet-faced, demure young woman "doing society" under his supervision. Although City Editor Gray was much opposed to the employment of women in newspaper offices, and had, moreover, something of a reputation as a woman-hater, or at least a woman-ignorer, it was soon noted that his views were undergoing a change. He found it necessary to give the Society Editor frequent counsel, instruction and assistance. In the end he made her Mrs. Gray.

Whatever honors may be in store for him, there seems to be substantial unanimity in the opinion that the young Mayor of Minneapolis will be heard from.

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